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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Talks on Criticism

IV.

"There are more things in heaven and earth . . ."

IN the heroic romance the hero judges his opponent by his eyes. If they flinch he will flinch. If they grow tender, so will he. Books are like that also. Judge them by what has happened to the author; and then by what happens to the reader when he reads.

A good book shows that some chemical change in the writer has preceded the writing. He has been excited, he has been moved, he has been angered, he has been amused, he has been touched, he has been depressed, or he has been exalted. A crude test of a book's excellence is the state of the author before and after composing. A mind's pressure has been raised and then discharged. What is the difference in tension worth? If this is crude, it is not because it is a difficult test to apply. To discover why a book has been written, or to measure the discharge of emotions, great or little, is not difficult. The hard thing is to distinguish between gusty explosions of cheap gases and the quiet intensity of high temperatures—between the staccato emotions of melodrama, underlined, relayed, megaphoned, and the power of sharp irony or the quiet of the really tragic. Temperature is a bad figure to use in writing of literature. Light is a better one, for the best light is light without undue heat.

And here, to return to the value of science in criticism, is something new in an old art. The science of criticism, until the eighteenth century, was rhetoric, but rhetoric concerns itself chiefly with literary effects not literary causes; it is the reader not the writer who is analyzed. When, in the Augustan age, critics became moral philosophers, the mind of the writer began to be actively discussed. His philosophy, his ethics, his prejudices were somewhat tediously dissected by all the eighteenth century critics. Tediously, because usually they did not care so much for what the writer was and felt as whether he conformed to Homer's principles or God's and the deist knew him. Thus Addison on Milton, and Pope on his enemies and friends.

* * *

But experimental science has given critics a new weapon and a new point of view—also new opportunities to make fools of themselves. The mysterious change in potential before a good book begins to be written, the state of the swan before the golden egg was laid, begins to seem less mysterious. There are psychological tests for the emotions and psychological names for mind states which define even when they do not explain. Opium and alcohol are betrayed in the choice of words, realism is sometimes a complex, fearful imagination may be a form of paranoia, and mediocrity a matter of inhibition.

The economists, too, have begun to scrutinize the writer. They explain his liberal passions by the rise of a new industrial class, expound his interest in very common men in terms of democracy, explain the change in his attitude toward women by her economic emancipation. Criticism of Dickens, George Eliot, Mark Twain, Henry James, Hardy, Masefield is shot through with economics, sociology, or psychology.

In short, thanks to the new sciences, what happens to the writer of a good book has become an important question because new and interesting answers are ready. Rhetoric has given place to a kind of psycho-analysis.

By this new method of critical analysis far more concrete results are arrived at than the Sublime, the Ridiculous, the Meritorious, and the Moral of the earlier critics. That is the danger of the process. Write a book to prove that Poe was frustrate, Tennyson a portomaniac, Hawthorne a suppressed sexualist, etc., etc., and you have given your public facts they can readily understand. The pathology of drugs or the behavior of abnormal individuals is much more comprehensible than esthetics. Unfortunately there is a false simplicity in scientific theories applied by men not themselves scientists which must irritate real scientists as it certainly de-

(*Continued on next page*)

Fable

By GEORGE O'NEIL

I LED him on into the frosted wood;
Stamping our feet, beneath a larch we stood,
Breathing white edifices on the air;
And nothing else was moving there.

The branches hung as if they had not known
A day when any little wind had blown.
The snow above our heads wrought wondrously
A thousand gargoyles on a tree.

Freezing, we waited by the frozen brook. . . .
"Listen" I said, and hardly dared to look.
A drift slid suddenly across the ice,
A frigid hawthorne trembled twice.

Then, slowly, through the branches, marble-veined,
A hoof, a haunch, a heavy shoulder, strained;
A head swung down into a glassy heap
And smashed it with a sideward sweep.

I could not hold my tongue: "You see the horn!
That twisted golden bone . . . the Unicorn!"
I could not hold it back. And as I spoke
A splintered universe awoke.

The thing was gone. "You saw" I spun around
To read his eyes. He kicked a knotted mound,
And all the gargoyles tumbled on his head.
"I'm numb, I'm going home," he said.

This Week

"Annals of the New York Stage." Reviewed by *George Pierce Baker.*

"Marquise" and "Fallen Angels." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

"Whatever We Do." Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*

"Him." Reviewed by *John Hyde Preston.*

"Dominion Over Experience." By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Europe's Present Cultural Product. By *Maxim Gorki.*

Cambridge on the Caboodle

By FORD MADOX FORD

ALL the world is said to love a lover and I am sure that the greater proportion of it loves Mr. E. M. Forster. I do myself—Mr. Forster as novelist. He has for so long occupied so peculiar a position in Hampstead which is a suburb of London singularly like Beacon Hill; I have for so many years gone in awe of him that I approach this,* his exegesis of the products of his art, with the feelings of a naughty schoolboy about to rob his headmaster's apple trees.

Hampstead to the north of London is a very singular place. It is Beacon Hill—but you could tuck Beacon Hill away in the corner of it and never find it again. It is with its rarefied atmosphere, its cold breezes coming from the north, its frosty inaccessibility, the Mecca of our intelligentsia. And, for many years Mr. E. M. Forster has been its prophet. Before him it was Mr. Henry James. In my young youth I was browbeaten into detesting Shelley by its inhabitants; just after adolescence I was nearly browbeaten into never reading James and my young manhood balked at the mention of Mr. E. M. Forster as the pony I used to have in those days balked at the sight of a perambulator.

So that, when "The Room With a View" was published, or a year or so after, happening to be shut up alone with it, and no other book, I took it up with trepidation. I remained, if not to pray, then at least to read all of Mr. Forster's earlier work. And, since then, I have ranged myself amongst his warmest admirers. He has retained for me, nevertheless, his aspect of aloofness, awfulness, chaste reason, tenuity, sobriety. I have tiptoed past his windows as the true believer used to do outside the tent of the Prophet—for fear of disturbing his reveries. I even printed him in the *English Review.*

Alas, what was my bewilderment as I read through the pages of "Aspects of the Novel" to find that Mr. Forster's attitude towards the art and craft that has given him honor and fame is practically that of the periodical called *Punch* towards the graver problems of life. He admires virtue, all the virtues, "O dear yes," but how he pokes fun at them! He cites an immense number of second class English novelists and jests over them for all the world like a contributor to *Punch* making fun of his own children for the benefit of the public. Thus childhood with all its beauty is for the English eternally sullied—and thus for Mr. Forster's hearers is the novel kept in its place.

This volume is made up of the Clark lectures delivered for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1927. I have no means of knowing what Mr. Forster's audience was like. I have no doubt that it was young, sober, intellectual, chaste. . . . Or it may have been old and all that too. But it cannot have contained one novelist who was also an artist. Otherwise Mr. Forster would not now be alive.

I hesitated to arrive at this conclusion. I remained incredulous until halfway through the book. I find the language in which it is written extremely difficult to understand. I have had to read sentence after sentence two or three times over. I suppose I am too Americanized—but I dare say I never could have understood the persiflage of the Cambridge don when speaking of serious subjects—religion, love, poverty, or the arts. What the English call Things! You mustn't talk seriously about Things in good English society.

*Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.50.

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But a university—at any rate an English one—exists to have the aspect at least of talking about Things. Yet it mustn't. The English youth goes to his university with the mentality of a Continental child of fourteen and the province of the university is to maintain him in the same mental status. Because, if the Englishman ever passed the stage of mental puberty the Empire would break up and there could be no more tea parties, club smoking rooms, Ranelaghs, Colonies, Anglican clergy, or Cabinet ministers. We could not keep on carrying the white man's burden if some god or some don conferred upon us the gift of the seeing eye.

So Mr. Forster deserves infinitely well of his college, his university, his country, and his Empire. As I have said, it was only when halfway through the book that I arrived at this, to me, amazing conclusion. Our present day national anthem runs:

Land of hope and glory, mother of the free,
How can we extol thee, who are born of thee?

And I can assure you that when, in foreign lands with Sir Edward Elgar's music I hear that modest query, tears of nostalgia bedew my lids. We are all right. We really are. But when the same question is addressed by a novelist to his art it becomes quite a different matter. It is no doubt the reason why Mr. Forster has to begin his lectures with the assertion that there is no first-class English novelist and, presumably, that a first-class novel never has and never will be written in England, at any rate by an Englishman—for all the first-class novels that were written in England during the last quarter of a century were the products of one sort of dago or another. So at least says Mr. Forster, premising in the mouths of the English reader the immortal words of my great Aunt Eliza—"Sooner than be idle I'd take a book and read."

* * *

This cry from the soul—this whole cry from the soul—was wrung from me by the following words which occur on page 146 of Mr. Forster's book: "*He (M. André Gide) is a little more solemn than an author should be about the whole caboodle.*" And there you have the whole attitude of the British don-critic towards our art. The novel, novel writing, form, language, construction, ancestry—all these things which are the object of serious study outside England in places from which come the first-class novels—all these things are "the whole caboodle" which, if you take seriously, you will never make fun of your children in the pages of *Punch*. You will be un-English.

Now I wonder how seriously Mr. Forster takes his own novels and with how much passion—how much *saeva indignatio*—he writes them. For, for a novelist to be great in the sense that Turgeniev, or Stendhal, or Flaubert, or Conrad were formally and stylistically great, or in the sense that Dostoievsky was great epilepto-romantically, or even Balzac, pantingly, spouting like a whale, fountains of fairy tales disguised as a *comédie humaine* . . . Or even Tolstoy, or Chekhov, or Maupassant, or Daudet . . . Or great as were undoubtedly Thackeray, Dickens, Smollett, Richardson, and Defoe . . . or great as was Henry James and are, if you will, Mr. Joyce and Theodore Dreiser—for the production of each of these forms of greatness there is necessary a fierce indignation, if not of necessity against external oppositions or institutions, then at least against that nature of things that will not let one write better than one does. A novelist must know despair, bitterness, passion, and must wear upon his forehead the sweat of agony that distinguishes his Craft and Mystery. It is out of those depths that he must call. Hang it all, this world that has known a million million thinking souls has produced, let us say, twenty great novelists from the day when the first word of "The Golden Ass" was penned, down to the last word of "Ulysses." And is this terrific immortality of twenty over a million million to be earned by the facile or lethargically optimistic inhabitant of Cambridge common rooms?

Mind, I am not suggesting that that is what Mr. Forster is; I am merely complaining that instead of telling us how "A Passage to India" was conceived, touched in, retouched, smoothed down, or here and there, heightened, he gives us these tea cup clattering disquisitions upon the Sir Willoughby Patterne of George Meredith. I would bet my hat that Mr. Forster's novels were not written out of his complacencies but during sedulous and rather dreadful days. Why is it not those that he has given us rather than these heartless disquisitions upon English amateurs with which any one of the readers of his novels could just as well have provided him? It is probably because Mr. Forster is too modest to write about himself. English gentlemen do not do this but modesty and novelists have nothing to do with each other and it is impossible for a novelist to be an English gentleman. No can do.

Heaven knows I would not fall foul of Professor Forster if he were not also the author of "A Passage to India" and certainly I would never fall foul of any novel of Mr. Forster's. Dog ought not to eat dog and the lowest of all crimes is the crabbing of another fellow's benefit. But, in as much as Mr. Forster is a novelist he is a priest and in this work it is as if with the one hand he elevated the Host whilst with the other he writes donnish witticisms about how the sacred wafers are baked. So I shed these tears.

* * *

Starting out and finishing with a half-true assertion and ending with the same, Mr. Forster includes between those statements a vast number of ingenious tropes, metaphors, similes, figures, quips, and pawkinesses that as I have said make me have to read most of his sentences twice—as one has to read French verse twice, once for the sense and once for the rhythm. But it is no more than a half-truth to say that there are no first-class English novelists when by that you mean that we have no novelists as great as Dostoievsky, and Tolstoy. We have Defoe, Smollett, Dickens, Thackeray, each one as amateurishly great a story teller and moralist as either of the Russians who are in no sense artists. For it is merely quarrelling with a man's temperament or subject matter to say that "Vanity Fair" is not as great as "War and Peace" or "Humphrey Clinker" as great as "Crime and Punishment." But the Continental, not English, sense of the word "greatness" connotes, along with a great seriousness of approach to life, a certain consummate mastery over form, phrase, and inevitable progression, and it is perfectly true to say that Anglo-Saxondom has no first-rate novelist in the sense that Turgeniev, Chekhov, Stendhal, and Flaubert were first rate. One may make a reservation in favor of Conrad and Henry James to whom we are too near to judge with any certainty. But I am pretty certain that if we ever do prove to have any first-class novelists it is those two writers and their lineage that will produce them. Mr. Forster, very symptomatically, does not mention Conrad at all in his list of main references though he does mention Mr. Asquith. But neither does he mention Stendhal, Flaubert, Turgeniev, or Chekhov. He devotes, however, some rather patronizing attention, as we have seen, to M. André Gide, and though he does not mention Anatole France he cites M. Abel Chevalley. These omissions and inclusions are not queer; they are merely characteristic of Cambridge *intelligentsia* to whom Mr. Asquith must be more important than Joseph Conrad and Mr. Max Beerbohm than, let us say, Gogol. And so, introducing himself with a half-truth, the Cambridge professor must set out from an impossible projection. He insists that you must think of all the novelists in the world, from Apuleius to Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts, seated together under a vast dome, all writing away simultaneously whilst you are to peer over their shoulders and perceive that they all write much in the same way, or with not such great differences as all that.

* * *

This is to inculcate at once the English doctrine that all art is just a "caboodle." The novel, you are to believe, has neither form nor craftsmanship; in the past it has exhibited no development nor will it in the future in any way develop. It is the handmaiden of society and the arts and, unlike Topsy, it has never even growed. Now that doctrine is a profound necessity to the British Empire for, as I have said, if we ever took the arts seriously—which is synonymous with thinking—we could not continue to bear up the white man's burden. That I dare say would be a tragedy for the world. I really quite believe it.

But the novel has a perfectly definite history and has developed as traceably as the pterodactyl from the amoeba, or the Japanese child's flying toy of twisted rubber, into the Handley-Page. The modern novel began picaresquely with the contemporaries of Lope da Vega and passed to England with John Mabbe's translation of Hermann Allemano's "Guzman d'Alfarache," or "The History of a Rogue," a picaresque but horribly moralizing work.

"Guzman d'Alfarache" begot Defoe; Defoe, Richardson; Richardson, Diderot; Diderot and the Encyclopedists, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Turgeniev; those three begot Conrad and Henry James and Stephen Crane, and those three again the modern American novelist. During all that time the novel progressed from being the merely barbarous stringing together of piquant rogueries and hypocritical moralizing to be the tremendous social engine that, with its rendering of our times it is today. If the novel as teacher, counselor, and guide to life has replaced the priest, the historian, the newspaper, and even Dr. Sigmund Freud—for the newspaper never was much trusted and according to observers is today not trusted at all, at least in this country and Dr. Freud has become nearly as obsolete as Darwin—if the novel has taken the place of all those formidable coercers of the past it is, be sure, because it has developed in its rendering of the lives and emotions of humanity.

This the Cambridge don will have none of; should he utter such heresies to Anglicans he would be false to his pious founders and the donors of his stipend. He lets the legions thunder past, utters a few quips, and goes to sleep again till next spring brings its new Clarkian lecturer.

As I have attacked Mr. Forster—though only as a don—with a great deal of violence, I hope somebody will ask me to review his next novel so that I may handsomely redress the balance. His book, indeed, is a very good book if you wish to acquire the point of view of a don upon literature. It contains fewer slips of grammar than is usual in collections of lectures and several pleasant little jokes. I dare say that if I had been present at the Clarkian lecture of 1927, given Mr. Forster's pleasant voice, cultured appearance, and personal magnetism I might have giggled like any girl graduate. though after that pink pottage there might have come the exceeding bitter cry. But the moral of the whole thing as far as England is concerned, and Mr. Forster is only a symbol of England, is this:—

The blacksmith says: "By hammer and hand all art doth stand;" the baker thinks he is indispensable to society and so he learns his job. Yesterday I was having my shoes scientifically and industriously shined in the Grand Central railway station by some sort of perspiring dago. I said that shining a shoe seemed to be a skilled and complicated affair. He said it was and he added that he guessed New York could not go on without him and his fellows for no one would walk the street without shiny shoes. Well, the novelist—the great novelist—must have the same conviction with regard to his own art. Then to the measure of the light vouchsafed him he may shine in his place and be content. But Cambridge won't like him.

Talks on Criticism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

presses readers of strong literary feeling. Someone discovers that psychologically the sexes merge gradually one into the other, and that those born in this marginal physiology have certain definite reactions to their environment. Quick, says the new critic, rummage through literature to find evidence of homosexuality, and when you have found it throw a flood of light on literary problems never before solved. Light, yes, provided that the theory is correctly understood, and the evidence is sound, but light on only a corner of a corner of literary genius. A psychological peculiarity may explain all of a monicule but only part of a man.

And yet to the first great question of criticism, the nature of the author's mind at the moment of delivery, science has given some such interesting answers that we have all leaned expectantly in that direction and let equally important questions go without answer at all. Tell me what the man is and I'll tell you what his book is, reverse Buffon's proposal to place the man by the style he chose to write in. The first has the spotlight just now in criticism, and a psychological study of a great man of letters has ten times as many readers as a venture in esthetics. By 1950 we shall probably have a new and far clearer conception of the physics and chemistry of that human machine which conditions authorship. Yet now only one question is being effectively answered and that only in part, as if one should say, why did the man fail?, and he answered, because he was drunk. But why was he drunk, and does success come from not being drunken? Criticism cannot stop with psychology.

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The Drama in New York

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. By GEORGE C. D. ODELL. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $17.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER
Yale University

PROFESSOR ODELL approaches his task of writing afresh the annals of the New York stage with firm conviction of their importance. His quotation on the half title of Volume 2 of his predecessor, Dunlap, proves this: "The rise, progress, and cultivation of the drama mark the progress of refinement and the state of manners at any given period in any country." For Professor Odell, then, as with the best of recent students of drama, not merely the play but the acting, the setting, the manners, and the customs of each period, both in and out of the theatre, deserve consideration. He plans to work very inclusively.

He knows so well, too, preceding studies of his subject that he is sure what he wishes to add or to readjust in earlier histories of the New York or even the American stage.

> Something of the historical background [omitted by previous writers] I have endeavored to supply. Material has been collected solely from contemporary newspapers, pamphlets, diaries, letters, autobiographies, playbills, account-books, etc. From such original sources I have tried to depict the city in successive eras, with all its prejudices and all its predilections, social, artistic, and dramatic. I *have, in fact, desired to reconstruct a real theatre in a real city.* And to reset and repeople the earlier stages I have called in contemporary criticisms, from the days of their feeblest beginnings to a time when scholarly urbanity began to distinguish their writers. By aid of these discussions we are enabled to see bygone performers and performances as in the eyes of bygone spectators they really were.

Following this method, Professor Odell, re-examining evidence usually adduced, readjusts, amplifies, and corrects preceding historians.

The volumes make evident that in the eighteenth century it is well nigh impossible to distinguish between the amateur and the professional among the givers of plays. Oddly, too, it becomes clear that the present widespread interest in American universities and colleges in the giving of plays is not something new, but rather a recrudescence. At William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, September 10, 1736, "the young gentlemen of the college" performed the tragedy of "Cato," and a week later Addison's "The Drummer; or, The Haunted House."

> The diary of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, a graduate of 1761 (at Harvard), records performances, private, of course, if not surreptitious, of "The Roman Father" (1758), "Cato" (1758), "The Drummer" (1759). Before advancing B. A., Ames saw thus performed, usually in the chambers of a fellow-student, or in a Boston home, "The Orphan," "The Revenge," and "Tancred and Sigismunda." The players snatched a fearful joy. And I hardly dare open the rich records of the Linonian Society of Yale—the minutes for 1771 entirely in the handwriting of Nathan Hale. Once a year the student members of this society gave a play, usually at some large house in the town, where bountiful refreshments, kind friends, and the spirit of youth made glad a spring day. From 1771, with gaps during the early years of the war, these academic actors attempted "Beaux's Stratagems," "The West Indian," "The Wonder," "The Conscious Lovers," etc. Bidwell's original play of "The Mercenary Match" (was) written and performed during 1785.

Professor Odell's resurvey of the drama in this country in the eighteenth century makes clear, too, that it was then going through a process exactly the reverse of one taking place at present. Then, slowly, the theatre, at first more at home in Charleston, South Carolina, Williamsburg, Virginia, or Philadelphia, centered on New York as its home. Today the verdict of New York no longer determines completely the verdict of the rest of the country; other centers are developing with standards of taste in conflict with those of the city that has been the dominating center. It would seem from these volumes that in the eighteenth century either there was a curious uniformity of dramatic taste in separated parts of the country, or else that there must have been relatively swift intercommunication of some sort, for one finds in the records constant repetition of the same titles for the plays given in widely separated places and periods, for instance, "The Conscious Lovers," "The Drummer," etc. Particularly, one becomes aware that, as far as comedies were concerned, Farquhar was the most popular dramatist of the day.

In keeping with his announced inclusiveness of method, Professor Odell lingers over the foot notes and special announcements on programs in which the managers or actors of the eighteenth century spoke to their audiences with the intimacy of a Balieff of today. Rightly, he feels the importance in any study of the manners and customs of the times of such gossipy announcements. What more convincing proof that in the eighteenth century theatrical management had not, as yet, fully separated itself from the persuasive advertising of some present-day side shows is needed than this? "Those who please to favor her with their Company, may depend on seeing the Play decently perform'd, at least perfect, and that all or more than included in the Bills will be done." That "at least perfect" certainly has its implications as to previous disasters after too hasty preparation of plays. Could even Balieff be more intimate than this in a theatrical advertisement? "'Twill be moonlight!" in other words, no "lanthorns" would be needed for the journey through the streets. Note, too, the persuasive adjective applied to the servant in the following statement: "Those ladies who would have places kept in the boxes will please to send a sensible servant to the theatre at three o'clock on every play-day." These gossipy communications also throw some light on a recent supposedly cryptic political statement. "Gentlemen and Ladies that chuse Tickets may have them at Mr. Parker's, and at this Printing Office." Surely *choose*, clear probably to most New Englanders in its recent use, should be unmistakably clear in this instance.

Au Negre de Toulouse; from the painting by Stella Bowen (Mrs. Ford) now in the Paris Salon. The triptych represents the patron, patronne, and staff of the Negre de Toulouse, a Mantparnasse restaurant which is frequented by the majority of English and American writers either resident in or passing through Paris.

Professor Odell lingers, too, over whatever bears on stage setting, particularly the drawing of scenes apart at their center:

> . . . the absurd practice of changing the scene with the actors still on the stage, they entering at once on the business of the new scene, in a wholly different place, as if sliding walls or landscapes were the commonest of daily occurrences. This habit is seen in Act IV of "Ponteach," the first scene of which is "the Border of a Grove." Chekitan is left alone, and soon hears a "noise of Monelia striving behind the Scene." Then—*mirabile dictu*—"Going toward the sound, the Scene opens and discovers the Priest with her." Chekitan cries "What do I see? The holy Priest is with her"; and the action proceeds to its close. This odd practice, then, must have been known in the early days at John Street.

Through all the vast detail involved in his proposed treatment of his subject, Professor Odell moves clear-eyed and sensitive. Attempting to follow him a reader must marvel at the enthusiasm which could provide and maintain the patience to study minutely the advertising columns of rare old newspapers, and supposedly unpromising documents; at the memory which orders all this infinite detail; and at the background of information in regard to dramatic matters in general and the American stage in particular which makes it possible for Professor Odell to recognize instantly the significance of each bit of evidence as he discovers it. Unlike Genest, Professor Odell is not interested solely in the main piece of the evening, but equally, apparently, in curtain raiser, after piece, or even songs and dances. Directly or indirectly, it is all drama to him. The volumes, then, are not a mere listing of plays performed, of actors playing in them, and dates. With untiring enthusiasm, Professor Odell reads, selects, correlates, and emphasizes. These volumes are, indeed, a compendious history, and as such must, hereafter, be indispensable.

Where one is likely to quarrel with Professor Odell is in his carrying out of his third purpose. He states for just whom he is writing. "I have desired to attract the lover of the theatre—the auditor who believes in plays and acting, and likes to read of the glories of a former day. I shall be pleased if my treatment is judged to be both sound and entertaining; with such dual purpose my pen glided happily along." It is in the desire to be entertaining that Professor Odell seems, to this critic, to hurt his book. The absolutely necessary detail of these volumes would make them large. The addition of the very valuable pictures would increase this necessary bulk. Yet, constantly the text reminds one of talk in a study or by a fireside from some garrulous septuagenarian lover of the stage, gossiping of the art he has most loved. Professor Odell has written in a highly personal, prolix fashion; his is not so much the economy of style of the historian as the freedom of the essayist who bases himself on the chattiness of Charles Lamb. "I skip a whole year in tears at the poverty of the records." "Why do I bore the reader with all this? or rather, why do I believe it adds 'color' to my story? Heaven knows! but I do so believe. And how felt the actors thus harassed by ill-natured critics after a second death in the ranks, as they had been harassed but a few months earlier after the death of Mrs. Morris? Two of their comrades gone in so brief a period!" Moreover, why does Professor Odell scatter throughout his pages scraps of Elizabethan or eighteenth century English; for instance, *perpend, eftsoons, methinks, withal.* If it is to give the atmosphere of the period treated, why have we no speech particularly characteristic of the period 1800-1821 with which the second volume closes? Certainly, if Professor Odell continues his rewriting of the "Annals of the New York Stage" from 1821 down to the present day, as every keen lover of the stage must hope he will, there is dramatic suspense in wondering what will be the catch words for the different periods he must cover in that nineteenth century. Are all these peculiarities of style merely signs that the original material was given as lectures to a group of students, for whom there would be, when the lectures were read by an admired teacher, something personally humorous, something pleasantly lightening in the treatment of the rather dry material? Very possibly this is the solution; but to the present critic, a book admirable in its thoroughness, in its amazing clarity in handling an utterly bewildering multitude of details, loses in desirable compactness and in dignity of treatment from certain qualities of its style.

These are, however, mere surface blurs. The book justifies itself thoroughly, and hereafter should be indispensable to all students of the American stage and drama. Will not Professor Odell bring his record down to at least 1900, or preferably to the present day?

What might be called an official work on the culinary art has recently been issued in the "Congressional Cook Book," just off the press, which contains recipes by the wives of Presidents, ex-Presidents, and others in official life.

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The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE MARQUISE, A Comedy in Three Acts. By NOEL COWARD. Produced by KENNETH MACGOWAN and SIDNEY ROSS at the Biltmore Theatre, New York, November 14, 1927. London: Ernest Benn.

FALLEN ANGELS, A Comedy in Three Acts. By NOEL COWARD. Produced by the Actors' Theatre, Inc., at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, November 30, 1927. London: Ernest Benn.

Reviewed from Performance and Published Manuscript

ON or across the border lines of dramatic literature there are many plays which are unquestionably good theatre. By good theatre I mean the power to hold and entertain an audience regardless of literary values. The best drama, of course, is good theatre as well as sound literature, but many a comedy and many a melodrama is able with the human and mechanical, the oral and visual, expedients of the stage to pass the counterfeit coin of false psychology, dubious logic, and paucity of idea.

Without remotely approaching such extremes as these, I suspect that the plays of Noel Coward are near the frontier where literature ends and theatre as such begins. Their psychology is plausible enough; their logic, at least momentarily convincing. And they occasionally hint rather casually at ideas. For the most part, though, they deal glibly with ephemeral themes, juggle their male and female characters as obedient puppets, and clink the small change of phrases and thoughts that are still deemed daring.

Coward, as a matter of fact, has won his reputation and his following not so much for his wit as for his audacity. Contrary to current lazy classification, I do not find anything in common between this audacity and that of Michael Arlen. It is good-natured, never spiteful like the Armenian's. It is essentially clean, never slimy. In short, it is the nonchalant confession of a dilettante within the ranks, rather than the jealous tittle-tattle of a vain outsider looking in. "The Vortex" gave Coward, both as playwright and as actor, his first opportunity in America thus to kill care and banish boredom for himself and incidentally for others by talking out of court. "Hay Fever," an earlier and milder comedy, followed. Then came "Easy Virtue," virtually a rewriting in today's social argot of Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." And now, within a fortnight but in reverse order of their completion and London production two years apart, we have "The Marquise," a spiced episode of early eighteenth century France, and "Fallen Angels," a study in the feminine furrows of our own wild oat patch.

"The Marquise" is a radical departure for Coward from his playmates and dramatic models of today, bored to despair but still obsessed with jazz and sex. He has found their spiritual but spiritless cousins, however, across the years and the Channel. He has had the good sense to avoid imitating the playwrights of that time, even more independently than J. B. Fagan in "And So to Bed." But his wit and his audacity find themselves here even more effortlessly at home than with his contemporaries. The Marquise de Kestournel, her two old flames, and her daughter and son by them respectively, whom she barely saves from incest, are less disturbingly and pathetically conscious of their boldness because it was in the nature of the times to be frank. Julia Sterroll and Jane Banbury in "Fallen Angels," for instance, have to seek release by the cocktail trail for the adequate analysis of their feelings on the eve of meeting again a French philanderer whom they had both known too well before their happy marriages.

A reading of these two plays prompts the query: "Which can go farther in frankness—theatre or literature? Or rather, where will the same lines seem more outspoken—on the printed page or on the stage?" I am inclined to grant that print has the greater leeway. Else, why do these plays that set prudes agog read so calmly compared to a dozen of the season's novels?

As for Coward's wit, a gift that does more than his boldness to bring him within the literary pale, we need not wonder whether he is in the line of Wilde and Shaw. True, not even Shaw has more succinctly disposed of Shakespeare than Coward in "The Marquise"—"a poet who was clever enough to persuade his own countrymen that he was only a playwright." But the Coward wit is a slender thing, scarcely equal to an entire evening. In "The Marquise" he has shrewdly withheld fire until he could see the whites of the elfin eyes of Billie Burke, so that his ammunition lasts to the final curtain. In "Fallen Angels," however, he starts popping at once; his bullets are gone by the end of the second act; and the hostile troops of boredom swarm over him despite the valiant efforts of Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood to hold the trenches.

I must defend Coward against one charge that may be brought against his plays as dramatic literature. His dialogue is characterized by a nervous, stenographic staccato which leaves more white space on the printed page than an advertising card of thanks. If he bores, he never does so by unwieldy speeches. This almost monosyllabic cross-fire may not be the way people actually talk, though I'm not so sure it isn't. I'm not so sure that our novels haven't sinned against true realism at the other extreme. What I do know is that it is one of the theatre's surest expedients for giving the semblance of natural dialogue, a convention which Coward has undoubtedly learned to use effectively by being an actor himself. After all, haven't we here a return to the days when playwright-actors *told* their fellow-players what to say rather than provide them with manuscripts soothing to the reading eye?

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heyward*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of Negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Sam H. Harris Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By *Sean O'Casey*. Hudson Theatre. The Irish Players lift the curtain on Dublin tenement under the rebellion.

Blithe Fantasy

AN UNMARRIED FATHER. By FLOYD DELL. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THIS is fantasy treading lightly on the verge of fact. It trips blithesomely along, casting only oblique glances at the social problems that beset its way. A few statistics are suffered to intrude but they are disguised in harlequin costume, and even the Bolshevists are mentioned only once or twice. Mr. Dell's revolutionary ardor seems content to rest with the victories already won in the field of the domestic liberties and to make merry with the resultant chaos so distressing to conservatives. Nothing could be happier than the theme of his latest book, derived by merely transposing from female to male the favorite rôle in nineteenth and twentieth century fiction.

His "unmarried father," one Norman Overbeck, as the result of a passing college affair with a young art student finds himself in unwelcome parenthood at the outset of a promising legal career and on the eve of an eminently respectable marriage. Prudential considerations dictate concealment of the scandal at all costs, and the mother, one of the most modern of Mr. Dell's feminine modernities, makes the path clear by giving her baby to an equally modern "Adoption Society." But vague parental feelings soon begin to stir in Norman's bosom; these, and the facile chance to escape "respectability" by thrusting his child in the face of an outraged world, eventually dictate his conduct. The world, however, refuses to be outraged or to give up a prospective prominent citizen so easily. In all this, Norman's problems—first, how to disclaim his child; then, with more difficulty, how to claim it; and finally, after he gets the child, what on earth do to with it—serve to make up a good story which for the first half at least is excellently told. Toward the end the tale seems to run down hill a little. Mr. Dell makes too much of a good thing when he entangles his susceptible hero in a third quasi-matrimonial venture. While possibly true enough to life, the situation nevertheless appears forced, and at best it distracts the interest from the main story. Even here, however, there are many pleasant pages and nothing could be better than the dénouement of the hero's starting a telegram to shut out one of the three marriages at least and ending it with that one definitely chosen. Throughout the book there is no telling from chapter to chapter what is going to happen next. Deeper qualities of poignancy and a certain wistfulness occasionally appear in the style. All in all, "An Unmarried Father" is the most spontaneous, the most readable, and, perhaps, the best of Mr. Dell's works.

Lives in Contact

WHATEVER WE DO. By ALLEN UPDEGRAFF. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

IT is difficult to tell exactly what strikes us most forcibly in Mr. Updegraff's new novel, "Whatever We Do." Our dilemma is due to the variety of its riches, for this striking narrative demands praise for many differing qualities. We may say that it excels in a profound and tender sympathy with humanity; we may point to its remarkably effective literary style—clear, imaginative, yet disciplined; or we may note its originality and power. But in whatever way we view the novel, we must admire it and hasten to record our admiration.

No bare summary, "Whatever We Do" is the story of several lives that accidentally touch each other during a few days of stress. The central figure is a semi-invalid, an American who remained in Paris after the Armistice and who, in the last flicker of his dimmed life, involuntarily touched a high nobility. Next in importance to this tragic figure is an American wife, neurotic and repressed, towards whose spiritual and physical awakening many forces unwittingly converge. And then there are lesser characters in brilliant distinction one from the other—a philosopher, a floundering husband, and two hyper-sophisticated women, pitiful yet gallant wanderers after pleasure. These categorical descriptions are unfair and incompetent representations of the souls that Mr. Updegraff has created, but they indicate something of the temper of the novel. The weaving of the plot progresses from the first page to the last in never-ceasing acceleration of interest, and, all the while these characters play across each others' lives with subtle influences and thunderous contacts. We are often astounded by the dexterity with which from chapter to chapter, from incident to incident, the novel reaches our emotions and stirs them. If we are to judge prose fiction by its ability to move us so (this is probably the soundest method of criticism), "Whatever We Do" has an undeniable claim to our highest praise.

"Whatever We Do" cannot be pigeon-holed. Its author is an American living in Paris, but he has nothing in common with Hemingway or with the lesser expatriates. He uses the stream of consciousness method with dignity and effectiveness, but the novel is by no means dependent upon that method. We have, in short, a decidedly exceptional work, whose chief quality is its deep, speculative sympathy. A strange beauty colors the whole; an original mind arrays men and situations in stimulating freshness. Although the novel is distinctly modern, it is never precious or merely fashionable. Rather, it is the spontaneous cry of a man who is passionately aware of this world—a man who creates with rare artistry and is possessed of profound understanding.

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NOBLE A. CATHCART ..... *Publisher*

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Drama in Extremis

HIM. By E. E. CUMMINGS. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HYDE PRESTON

MR. CUMMINGS is not the first to have an overpowering care for words—for words above all things—for their sound, color, and their most minute expressionism. Pater, Flaubert, Keats, and God knows how many others, have been concerned with words as words, but only insofar as they could be made precise, accurate, and perfect mirrors of the sense behind them. But Cummings, a reckless grandchild of the Symbolists, throwing their riches about improvidently, has little regard for meaning and sense, and belabors himself, on the contrary, to suggest, to create sudden impressions, and to hint at sense through the medium of sound (and fury). Another man might do this kind of thing admirably. But Cummings, smart-alecky, and burdened by his artistic immaturity and bad taste, has yet to learn that, to be clearly understood, he must not speak with his mouth full—little difference whether it be full of mush or precious stones.

Yet Cummings has an extraordinary genius for language, as is only too perfectly brought out in his poetry, from the splendid "Tulips and Chimneys" down to the much inferior "Is 5." It has the characteristics of a genius as fine as Keats's or Rimbaud's; but unlike theirs, it is undisciplined, affected, and is now growing maudlin. And this new play (which is not a play at all, but a mess of formless talk with a not very clear idea behind it) is the *reductio ad absurdum* of his talents and his highly modernistic Symbolism. Cummings knows no more about play-writing than I know about Hungarian wild-flowers; and it evidently pleases him to think that comprehensibility is the first of the Seven Deadly Virtues. Take this stage-direction, for example:

A Plainclothesman, his entire being focussed on something just offstage to the audience's left, stalks this invisible something minutely.

I suppose I am obliged to consider this as delicate comedy; but if I were a stage manager I think I should have some difficulty in explaining to the Plainsclothesman just what he is expected to do! Or take this speech (at random) from the text:

Horseradish will not produce consequences unless cowslips which is unlikely so be not daunted tho' affairs go badly since all will be well. The cards say and the leaves admit that enough is as good as a feast which will cause you some flatulence which you will not mind as long as Gipsy continues to remain a diurnal watering pot but beware of a woman called Metope who is in the pay of Trilyph disguised as either an insurance agent or I forget which it doesn't matter and whenever a stuffed platitude hits you in the exaggerated omplalos respond with a three-fisted aphorism to the precise casazza.

You will have to draw your own conclusions. But if you can make any suggestions as to the possible significance of the foregoing, it may help matters out considerably. I rather fancy that Mr. Cummings, also, would be interested to know what it means, since he sacrifices himself thus bravely so as not to sacrifice his precious subconscious.

If you like complexes run riot, you will find pages that are fairly side-splitting here (such as I quoted), but side-splitting after the manner of a raging old drunk. And as for the essential idea (whatever little of it there is here), Calderon treated it, centuries ago, with considerable more intelligence and dramatic force, in "Life Is a Dream." In "Him" life is something of a nightmare, with a quantity of excellent horse-play and large doses of bad taste (*vide* especially Act II, Scene VIII, which is no better than cheap, tenth-rate vulgarity).

So much for the man who once had the promise of an American Keats. Symbolism simply took hold of his mind; and, true to his nature, he had no idea of when to stop; he gave it the free rein and it bolted with his gifts. You will probably think him mad, and he would enjoy your thinking so; but he is just a prep-school boy flaunting his smartness in your face. For, after all, only a man almost abnormally sane could imagine and set down such deliberately crazy stuff.

The house in Brooklyn in which Whitman wrote many of his poems, and articles for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* is now being demolished. It has passed through various gradations, or degradations, having been both a saloon and a fish store since the poet left it.

The Bowling Green

Dominion Over Experience

THE traffic in Fine Printing, books from private presses, rare issues of esteemed typographers, is as brisk and as technically specialized as stock-market trading. As purely hypothecary also—I hope that is the word I want: I mean that just as stock-market trading is often purely figmentary in its relation to the actual railroad or coal-mine mentioned, so is the lively business in modernistic printing quite irrelevant to the actual readability of the book. Like every other good thing, Fine Printing has its lunatic fringe. These Don Quixotes in elephant folio, bound in pale pork; these gruesome Troilus and Criseydes where Chaucer's fine manly text is haberdashered with frantic woodcuts of Hammersmith or East Aurora fancy, who would dream of using such grotesques for actual reading? We have been making merry, these recent years, over the simple gauds and galloons of the Naïve 'Nineties. I feel assured that the Nineteen Forties will have equal sport with our simplicities of today. The current frenzy for tony typography will give many an easing grin to our posteriors. For there is a phase of bookmaking that is not so much bibliophily as biliousness. The excellent Mr. Robert Ballou of Chicago uttered a stout protest some time ago, which he called "A Plea for Less Sophistication." Indeed, when we look over some of the de luxe absurdities on the bookseller's counters we have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise.

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But what I started to say was, it always interests me to see how definitely and shrewdly commercial is the Fine Printing racket. Its lingo has gone Stock Exchange: in reading the catalogue of some merry merchant of swell print I am often reminded of the bulletins of investment houses. There is talk of allotments, items that go to a premium, and diversified holdings. The issues of modernistic presses are described in much the same tone as the bonds of a new power plant. It is always well that any interesting business should have in it a strong infusion of bunk; otherwise there would be no fun in attempting to develop and exercise a faculty of choice.

How pleasant then, among items of luxury to come across a new number of the Hogarth Essays (edited by Leonard and Virginia Woolf) and to find that the latest of that series of strong pamphlets is "The Prospects of Literature" by the greatly admired Logan Pearsall Smith. Good indeed, in Mr. Edgar Wells's adventurous bookshop, to find that quiet well-printed little booklet and relish again the familiar cadence of the too-rarely-heard-from essayist. The L. P. S. devotees are not many, but they are of godly nurture. It is strong temptation to fill a column or so in quotation of Mr. Smith's essay. There is always such charm, such quality of thought in his temperate prose; something spare and hardy, clear-spirited and yet nimbly urbane. Yet it is not always well to give people what they should get for themselves: Mr. Edgar Wells has the pamphlet for sixty cents, and any intelligent bookseller can procure it.

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Pearsall Smith does not agree with Virginia Woolf that we, now, "are trembling on the verge of one of the great ages of English literature." He admits that we have many young writers of immense energy, candor, sincerity; that talent is surer than ever before of prompt recognition; that this is an age of endless palaver about books and hugely diffused literacy. But he files three interesting considerations in demurrer.

First, he says, in the great periods of literary creation there was always an underlying body of fairly unanimous ideas about life. Rightly or wrongly, there were coherent and generally accepted notions about destiny, morality, and all the other abstractions and concepts. Men had a formula, an agreed convention, a complete scheme of things, "*which gave them that imaginative dominion over experience which produces greatness.*" (That, I think, deserves the italic.) This our present scrambled and broken and doubtful view of life rarely affords.

Second, he believes that for great literary creation we need an era when language is fresh, plastic, unhackneyed. Our idiom has been exploited almost to exhaustion, he thinks; it has lost its elasticity, its unconscious poetry; we are not linguistic innovators, we are content to parrot. Mr. Smith admits himself something of a faddist in this matter; and in this division of his argument I can't tally with him at all. In America at least it seems to me we have a lingo of lively fluidity, subject to constant experiment and continually renewing itself by vulgar earthly contact.

Third, he is admirable on the damage done to literature as an art by easy ecumenical blab—

The widespread interest in literature, the large reading public, the prompt recognition of merit, all these things are hardly as favorable as they might seem to the development of literary talent. Enduring excellence in any art is not at all a necessary result—it would seem indeed to be more like an accidental by-product—of artistic activity, and a general interest in the art, and enthusiasm for it, often tends, by making it fashionable, to hamper and impede, rather than to foster it. And is not this what is happening today? A large number of people who would do well to concern themselves with other things are now led by fashion to take an intelligent, or semi-intelligent, interest in new books; they form enthusiastic cliques, so eager to welcome and make notorious any novelty, that the clever young writer is able to attain recognition much too easily. Success is, indeed, as Trollope says somewhere, a necessary poison; but they are fortunate, he wisely adds, to whom it comes late in life and in small doses. . . . the number of miscarriages of talent, the rate of infant mortality among gifts of promise, seems to be ever increasing. And, indeed, with all the advertisement and premature publicity of our time, where can we hope to find that leisurely ripening of talent in the shade of obscurity, that slow development by experiment and failure, by which it can best be mellowed and matured?

No; the old, hard conditions were surely better. It was much better to stone the prophets than to crown them, as we now crown them at once, with roses. They are stifled by the roses, but the stones in the old days of stoning only drove them out into the desert to meditate on their mission and perfect their gifts, so that they might return at last to take their revenge on the world which had scorned them.

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Mr. Smith continues his curve of thought just as charmingly as we would have expected. He finds his comfort in a line of Boileau—"Je trouve au coin d'un bois le mot qui m'avoit fui—." This creates for him "an enchanting picture of a special kind of lettered existence—the life of Horace at his Sabine farm, of Boileau in his garden at Auteuil, of Pope at Twickenham, of Gray in his college rooms at Cambridge." It is his serene and gently autumnal recommendation that we are to "shut ourselves away from hostile circumstance in some pleasant solitude; to search for the word one wants, and then to walk abroad and find it perhaps at the corner of a wood." And—forgive me—but I smile tenderly at Mr. Smith having chosen for his exemplaires Horaces and Popes and Santayanas, those suburban bachelors. His plea for Fame as a motive force, Fame in the true and best sense, does not require any apology. He feels it to be old-fashioned, but he states it with the high-minded grace we expect from his pen.

If I should ever seem to argue against anything said by Mr. Smith, it would obviously be due in part to that perverse reagent in the soul which compels one always to protest outwardly what one most privily and deeply cherishes. Pearsall Smith would not be the Pearsall Smith we swear by if he did not say just what he has said, and in that very accent. We all have our Boileau moments; we have our woodland corners, and have fought hard for them. But with the best will in the world not all writers can be the studious Sabine squire. For some, their dominion over experience has got to be more hardly and dangerously attempted. Oh the relativity of all human testimony! Not only in the corner of the wood, but sometimes even in a subway train or at some jarring angle of Manhattan's terraced pride, the word can be found.

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But, for my own taste, that's what I mean by book collecting—to come across a pamphlet by Pearsall Smith, or Paul Valéry's "Discours de Reception à l'Académie Française," another gorgeous essay, a little galantine of prose daintily patterned with assorted nourishment.

And nowadays when all the young men can learn in twenty minutes how to order scrambled eggs in French, or entertain a Paris banker, why shouldn't they do something much more interesting—read Valéry's tribute to Anatole France. It's published by the Nouvelle Revue Française.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Glossolalia

SPEAKING WITH TONGUES: HISTORICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED. By GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN. Yale University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE author of "Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing," as well as of the "Psychology of Alcoholism" and the "Psychological Phenomena of Christianity," and President of Colgate University, shows his further competence in presenting the illumination that psychology sheds upon history by way of surveying what the psychiatrists call "glossolalia," or more intelligibly, "speaking with tongues."

The inspiration for this religious-ecstatic variety of a vocal-auditory automatism is a Christian tradition. It is a miraculous gift conferred upon the elect as a sign of grace, though it grows out of the impulse to prophesy, which is Hebraic. Excitement and the urge to expression appear in the dancing, shaking, convulsion, shouting, jumping, in "getting religion." We associate it rightly with a primitive order of mentality making slighter drafts upon thought than prophesying.

The historical incidents may be traced through a series of revivals back to the statements in Acts 2, 10, 19 and I Corinthians, 12, 13, 14, Mark 16, in which appear both versions of the phenomenon: the miraculous speaking in languages not learned, so that the prophet or missionary may be understood by hearers in their diverse speech; and the psychologically more interesting and authentic phenomenon of breaking out into an original articulate, seemingly structural, jargon without known meaning, and so depending for its message upon an equally miraculous gift of interpretation on the part of the "speaker with tongues" or some inspired interpreter. St. Francis Xavier (sixteenth century) is an instance of the former in his mission to the Indians; the "little prophets of the Cevennes" (late seventeenth century) staged a typical example of the latter form, that spread as a psychic contagion particularly among excitable and illiterate girls and boys. There is hardly a century without its exemplars down to recent sporadic newspaper accounts from China to Peru and Chicago.

The best known English instance is that of Edward Irving, friend of Carlyle, to whom, however, these verbal pronouncements were "mere froth and soap-suds." "Forgotten by the intellectual" he "still flourishes as a green bay-tree (or rather green cabbage-tree) among the fanatical classes, whose ornament and beacon he is."

> The good Irving looked at me wistfully, for he knows I cannot take miracles in; yet he looks so piteously, as if he implored me to believe. Oh dear! Oh dear! was the Devil ever busier than now, when the supernatural must either depart from the world or reappear there like a chapter of Hamilton's "Disases of Females"?

Yet the incident giving rise to this opinion (which but for its date might have appeared in the *American Mercury*) was promptly paralleled in the Mormon practice, where the gift of tongues became an article of faith (1842). The Mormon accounts are recent enough and detailed enough to contribute to the psychological explanation. This Dr. Cutten summarizes as presenting three stages: the first inarticulate mumbling, cries, groans; the second articulate, in imitation of verbal forms like the made up languages and counting-out phrases of children; the third fabricated languages patterned after the vernacular of the ecstatic who may be hysterical or cataleptic. It was said of the Mormons:

> Those who speak in tongues are generally the most illiterate among the "Saints," such as cannot command words as quick as they would wish and, instead of waiting for a suitable word to come to their memories, they speak forth in the first sounds their tongues can articulate, no matter what it is.

Under modern enlightenment non-religious forms are noted, the most notable that of Mlle. Smith, the heroine of Professor Flournoy's volume, "From India to the Planet Mars," who enriched the philological world with a written as well as spoken Martian language, for which naturally she is the sole interpreter, though ascribing her inspiration to spirit influences. That "Martian" in structure is modeled upon French, Mlle. Smith's vernacular, is hardly accidental. In this case, however, there was no sudden gift but many months of subconscious incubation, and no fluency. "Patience Worth" is similar automatic revelation speaking not in tongues but in dialect or mannerism.

Under the stimulus of excitement or belief, including the acceptance of tradition, the person of poor expression and limited vocabulary is driven to speech.

> Perhaps for a short time he speaks normally, then the pressure of nervous energy increases, so that with the inadequate power of expression he is unable to say what he desires; confusion reigns in the mind; the upper centers become clogged, rational control takes flight, the lower centers assume control, a trance condition may be present, the suggestion is for speech, and because there is no rational control or direction there breaks forth a lot of meaningless syllables. When this gibberish cannot be understood, it is supposed by the hearers to be words of another language which is spoken by other people, and when the speaker disclaims all responsibility for the speech, as indeed he must if it originates in the subconsciousness and not in the consciousness, it is therefore supposed to be of divine origin. The clogging of the upper centers, as in speaking with tongues, is the opposite of stage fright, for in the latter condition it is the lower centers which are clogged, the upper centers continuing to function.

Thus again a miracle yields on the one hand to dismissal as an uncritical tradition or myth, and on the other to the rationalistic explanation of a section of obscure psychology redeemed for science.

Pandemic Chemistry

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY. By WILLIAM FOSTER. New York: The Century Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD S. LEONARD
Yale University

FROM the thermodynamic laws of Gibbs has emerged modern applied chemistry. Dyes for our raiment, drugs to cure disease and alleviate suffering, perfumes such as Aladdin never had; chrome vanadium steel to build airplane engines and motor cars. Steel for the stark ribs of palace-like skyscrapers and concrete for their floors and walls, glass for the windows; lenses for microscopes; devices for measuring the heat of a star. All the romance of chemistry.

Chemistry as culture has led to special chemical courses in our great universities, courses approaching the subject in a very different manner from the approach necessary to the student who is to make chemistry his profession. And especially it has led to such books as Edwin Slosson's "Creative Chemistry" or the "Chemistry in Modern Life" of Svante Arrhenius. But these books do not exhaust a rich field, they only pave the way for greater interest and whet the appetite of the public. Therefore William Foster's contribution should find a growing audience of laymen determined better to balance their culture. Professor Wilder Bancroft of Cornell has given the name "pandemic chemistry" to this new aspect of the science. Professor Foster in "The Romance of Chemistry" has written a text of pandemic chemistry capable of filling two functions, the one as the text book of a college course in cultural chamistry, the other as a book for the library of any layman of culture, as rounded culture is understood today. Material culture lays a basis upon which to build esthetic culture.

Thus thanks to chemistry, no modern artist of the brush and palette need fear a fate for his greatest masterpiece like that which Leonardo in his own life-time was forced to watch year after year as the elements wrought their havoc upon the walls of the refectory of Saint Mary's at Milan. Toothbrushes and soap and vitamines can all make contributions to beauty. Artificial refrigeration and vacuum cleaners, mimeographs and adding-machines, can give leisure for culture if we will use that leisure. Beyond this the abstractions of chemistry built an esthetic of their own. In Prout's hypothesis, for example, one can hear overtones from the harmony of the spheres. Is the scientist properly to be blamed as some classicists blame him, if we fail to utilize our opportunities? In the last analysis esthetic comes from within. The machine may destroy illusion, but wherein can it kill the soul?

HERE is a new Goldsmith first edition. Eighteen essays, printed anonymously in various periodicals of the eighteenth century, have been discovered and identified by Professor Ronald S. Crane as authentic Goldsmith material. They are published now for the first time under Goldsmith's name and together constitute the largest single addition to the canon of Goldsmith's essays that has been made for more than a century.

A complete *Deserted Village* in prose is notable among them. Under the title, "The Revolution in Low Life," it antedated the publication of the famous poem by eight years.

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Foreign Literature

A Novel of Post-War Berlin

MUTTER MARIE. By HEINRICH MANN. Berlin: Paul Zsolnay. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA V. ENDE

IN the more intimate circles of literary Germany some fifteen years ago or more, the relative rank of the two brothers, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, was as much discussed as that of Gerhart and Carl Hauptmann, and not a few critics dared to differ from the popular verdict and rate the two less known brothers higher than those who had then already reached the zenith of their fame. Since then Gerhart Hauptmann has hardly added to his reputation, and his brother has died. Thomas Mann has become more and more the idol of the more conservative German readers, and has even become known in America. Heinrich, on the other hand, has lost some of the favor he had begun to enjoy in the fatherland, and is still practically unknown abroad, except in France, which has always recognized and appreciated a rare personality in the arts and letters of her neighbor across the Rhine.

Yet the solitary figure of Heinrich Mann is one of the most fascinating in contemporary German letters. He embodies all the successive stages through which German literature has passed: classicism, romanticism, naturalism, symbolism, and even decadence. He made his debut at twenty-three with a story, "Das Wunderbare," charming in its romanticism of a hundred years ago. He paid his tribute to naturalism by the novels of Berlin, "Im Schlaraffenland" and of Munich, "Die Jagd nach Liebe." He reached a height of monumental splendor in the symbolical trilogy "Die Göttinnen-Diana, Minerva, Venus," and in the intervals between these larger works published a number of smaller ones, each an exquisite work of literary art of thoroughly original conception.

Heinrich Mann's vision knows no national boundaries: thence his broad human significance; hence, perhaps, failure to win popular approbation in his country. For he was among that valiant minority which was not led astray by the patriotic frenzy of the war. That he was able from a higher standpoint to embrace a wider horizon is by some of his admirers attributed to the fact that his mother was a Brazilian de Silva. He is one of the very few German writers whose treatment of foreign types and foreign atmosphere does not savor of the outsider, some would say of the tourist's note book. A writer of purely Teuton stock could hardly have written "Die Göttinnen" and some other works; and only one in whose blood two races meet could have penned that story of the conflicts it is bound to breed: "Zwischen den Rassen."

His far too little known works of the war period may by a future generation be recognized as the most trustworthy pictures of the real Germany of that time; they form a series of novels: "Das Kaiserreich," dealing with German society under William II.; "Der Untertan," with its subtitle—Roman des Bürgertums; "Die Armen," a novel of the proletariat, and "Der Kopf," dealing with the leaders of the nation. No less a critic than Stefen Zweig has said, that in these works Heinrich Mann did for Germany what Balzac, Zola, Anatole France, and Romain Rolland did for France.

There is a trace of all the elements that entered into his previous works in "Mutter Marie." With admirable discretion he suggests, rather than pictures, the decline of fortunes and prestige of certain strata of society and the rise from obscurity and poverty to wealth and position of others. There is no undue reference to or emphasis upon the cataclysm which has caused so much misery all over the world and has shaken its political, economic, and ethical foundations.

The very first pages of the novel visualize the ruin of a family once prominent in aristocratic Berlin. While President Seehase, their creditor, is taking with the General von Lambart, the Generalin appraises her salon, of which already everything has been sold that could in decency be spared. She leaves the unpleasant conference of the two men, walks to the window and at the street corner sees the mysterious car which always parks there at the hour when her son Valentine comes home. The lady in the Drecol costume who stood at the garden gate one morning and looked up at his window must be in that car! Perturbed by the thought she goes to the glass door of the music room, where the Princess is practising with her old singing master. About to leave, the President asks:

"Is that the Princess von .....? She lives here . . . Does she pay her rent?" and the Generalin replies with emphasis:

"Our relations are too close, will in future be especially close. . . . From the Princess I take nothing."

As in the first act of a play all the problems and conflicts facing this group of people are placed before the reader: the house sold, the son's debts, his probable love affairs, his prospective marriage to the Princess. It has been said of Heinrich Mann that he has the making of a great dramatist. This first chapter of the novel calls for the stage. The action centers about the two problems: the financial salvation of the von Lambarts and the end of the Baroness Hartmann's longing for the child she had saved from sordid poverty by exposing it in front of the von Lambart home, where the childless Generalin presented it to her guileless husband as their offspring. This sounds like rank melodrama. But the treatment of this problem is that of a modern psychologist and stylist whose insight and subtlety suggest comparison with Henry James. This is especially noticeable in the dialogue. People of the class with which both men deal in most of their works are not in the habit of bluntly blurting out what they feel or think. They veil their meaning with a reticence bred in them by centuries old social conventions and suggest it only by connotation. Like the novels of the great American, those of Heinrich Mann cannot be skimmed over like the majority of big sellers. He will never be popular, but he is bound to find an increasing audience of readers among those who read between the lines and sense the spirit of a work from its atmosphere.

The dominating figure in the novel is the Baroness Hartmann-Mutter Marie. As the story of her sacrifice unfolds, her character grows in stature, until it becomes almost heroic. Unable to claim the child when her circumstances take a favorable turn, she watches over the boy, follows his post-war career as the paid dancing partner of the newly rich, goes to his gambling clubs and offers her aid when he loses, invites him to her home and makes him confide to her all his troubles; and only when he himself, long haunted by the suspicion that the Generalin is not his real mother, hastens the disclosure, does she admit the truth and thus win the right to look out for his future.

The portrayal of the other actors in this drama is no less convincing: Valentin, who with the end of the war and the old régime is stranded in a world unknown to him, like the General, who is a most pathetic figure; the Generalin whose thoughts forever dwell upon her social successes of the past, but who preserves an almost cynical coldness in the feverish atmosphere of the old mansion; the upstart Seehase, who winces at every remote allusion to his antecedents; the mentally under-developed Princess, her idealist music master, and even the radicals hounding Valentine—they are all living types of the present. "Mutter Marie" is a most unusual story told with rare mastery.

Enrico Somare has issued a monograph upon Telemaco Signorini (Milan: L'Esame), which is apparently to initiate a series of studies on the leading Italian artists of the nineteenth century. A brief but well-written critical memoir opens the book which contains in addition a large number of reproductions in monochrome, appendices giving the leading passages from Signorini's critical writings, the notes and headings which he left for an autobiography, critical estimates of his work, and a general bibliography.

Ernest Selliere's has recently published a volume entitled "Morales et Religions Nouvelles en Allemagne (Paris: Payot), which prsents what might be termed a series of psychographs of contemporary Germans. The book is an interesting work, philosophical in trend but nevertheless not too abstruse and sufficiently animated to hold the attention of the general reader.

Erratum

Through a regrettable error of the composing room the advertisement of Harper books which appeared in our issue of December third, contained the following errors: Countie Cullen's "Copper Sun" was converted into "Copper Son;" E. Keble Chatterton's "Captain John Smith" read "Captain John Mith," and under the title of Mrs. Bertrand Russell's "The Right to Be Happy" the first sentence of description was incorrect. "A delightful romance of the Pyrenees" was transposed from its position under "Basquerie," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly.

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Using Our Resources

THERE has perhaps been no time in our history when the question of the proper literature for children has had more careful consideration than it is getting today, no time when the reading of children has stood more in danger of subordination to other interests than at present. Where once the child was dependent for his stories upon the printed page or the favor of an elder who would spin a yarn for him, today he has but to sit before the radio to imbibe at the least possible cost of effort some tale, or go to the movies to see it presented in pictured form, or pore over the comic sheets to slake his desire for incident and humor. For the child who has a natural inclination for reading, there will, of course, be no substitute for a book; he craves it as irresistibly as he feels the need to run and jump. The radio will not satisfy him, for he must wait upon its hours and take not what he chooses but what it doles out to him; the screen will not suffice, for no matter how enthralling it may prove at the moment the motion picture provides only passing enjoyment, not a source of pleasure than can be tapped for the reaching to a shelf. We need not fear for him; he will turn to books as the sunflower to the sun.

But the child who has no inborn interest in books, to whom the mere act of reading presents difficulties, and who with the universal instinct of childhood will resort to the thing that gives him pleasure without having to exert himself for it—for him there is cause to fear. During the impressionable years when in the past through force of necessity he found in books the only means aside from the nursery tales of his mother of indulging his liking for a story, he is now getting incident in the raw instead of incident woven into literature through the play of fancy and language. He is forming his taste and attuning his ear for style on the pared simplicity which the heterogeneity of a radio audience and the inevitability of the spoken word imposes upon its narrators. He can have nothing of the leisurely comment, nothing of the entertaining byplay, little of the charged description and episode that require time for the savoring, that the book provides. He is taking his literature in great gulps, and learning to be impatient of masticating, his food. He is becoming habituated to emphasis rather than quality in narration, and he is doing altogether without distinction of style.

Now, it is useless to suppose that the child will not seek the radio and the movie and consider himself unabused if deprived of them. Since this is so, and since it goes without saying that in thus abjuring his right to books he is thrusting aside one of his most precious heritages, why not make the very instruments that at present are militating against his inclination to read conduce to it? We believe that many a child who might show slight inclination for books could be led to them if the pictures shown on the screen, or tales outlined over the radio, instead of being of nondescript character were based on some standard story, desire to be acquainted with which would be whetted by such portrayal. There is a wealth of children's literature in existence which would lend itself admirably to the motion picture and radio and which so might become of vivid interest to the child naturally disinclined to books. Let us use it.

Children's Books

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY JR.
(Age 11 Years)

I THINK children's books should be mysterious, humerous, exciting and instructive. Children should enjoy their books, not be bored by them. For example take, Colidi's "Pinocchio" that alone is a very good book for both boys and girls. David Putnam's "David Goes to Baffin Land," is written by a boy and ought to be liked by all boys.

Books are very good for children. They not only are enjoyed by the reader but they teach children very good traits. That is if the child takes what he reads seriosly and if it is a good book. Of course if the child is not esspecially interested in books there are plenty of books about what he is interested in. For instance if they are interested in the sea, Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island" is a perfect book about the sea. Or if he is interested in Marionettes or masks or shadows W. H. Mills and L. M. Dunn's "Marionettes, Masks and Shadows." And so on. If you want to give a child a present that will please him or her be sure to give them a book.

Childhood

The LITTLE LONG AGO. By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR. Dutton. 1927. $5.
Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

ALL of us have a little long ago, but few of us can recapture the mood in which we had it. There is always the temptation to idealize, to rationalize, or to sentimentalize over childhood—and once this is done the psychological value of the recollection is lost.

In the Main Miss Portor gives simple, straightforward pictures of childhood. You cannot read far into the book without a sense of wonder that some one else has known your secret thoughts and imaginings, that some one else had invited the King to dinner, and had consulted the oracle of Buttons, not just the buttons that showed, but petticoat and pantie buttons, in order to escape the doom of marrying a THIEF!

It seems to me that Miss Portor changes her mood occasionally. Sometimes she writes as an adult, considering childhood. (I wonder if a child ever thinks of itself as "tenderly ridiculous"?) Sometimes—and here she is delightful, she takes the complete step between Now and Then—as in "I go a-visiting" (except for the sophistication of the single sentence, "I look innocent because I feel innocent.")

Two White Mice

LADY GREEN SATIN AND HER MAID ROSETTE. The History of Jean Paul and His Little White Mice. Translated from the French by the BARONESS E. MATINEAU DES CHESNEZ. New York. The MacMillan Co. 1927. $1.75.
Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

GOOD children's books, like buried treasure, have a trick of turning up again after long periods of oblivion. One thinks one knows them all, and then a lucky turn of the spade reveals something quite new and unexpected. "Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette" is just such a find, brought to light again through the agency of Clara Whitehill Hunt, who would seem to wield a positive hazle-wand for such discoveries. Lest the title mislead you let me hasten to explain that Lady Green Satin and Rosette are—two white mice, owned by a little French peasant boy who sets out on foot for Paris, to try and earn money for his family by exhibiting his tiny pets through the countryside. Written for children of an earlier generation, this quaint simple tale of courage and friendship has that rare lifelike quality independent of time or country which will set it in the first rank of favorite books. Jean and his little friend Madeleine are lovable and enduring figures. Children should gain much from this picture of an earlier, unhurried Paris and familiar French life. Winifred Bromhall's drawings are perfectly chosen to reflect the charm of the story.

Joy Street Again

NUMBER FIVE JOY STREET. By WALTER DE LA MARE and others. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

THERE'S another book-house on Joy Street—Number Five—pleasantly different from its neighbors, but of familiar architecture. The cloth binding in a close Italian design is festive, with the dignity befitting a classic, and should also stand much loving handling. Inside one finds a medley of things-coming-alive-at-midnight, crooked dwarfs and sweet golden-haired maidens, kings and queens with nothing to do but behave as fairy-tale kings and queens should, fiery dragons and talking geese—all that old-fashioned fantasy that will never be old as long as eager-minded children continue to discover the earth.

We suspect that young funny-bones will be especially tickled by the fat inn-keeper who turned to a Toby-jug, told with folk-lore humor and simplicity by Mabel Marlowe, and young sense-of-justice satisfied by the triumph of Rose Fyleman's "Chestnut Man," whose value to the community no child would dispute. "Mr. Cupboard," by Algernon Blackwood, is a long but absorbing story with quite exciting moments, reflecting that feeling of personality in furniture which hovers about many of the worn and familiar objects of our early homes. Walter de la Mare contributes one of his beautifully told tales. Eleanor Farjeon gives a slightly introspective account of "A Bad Day for Martha," when everything went wrong for a small girl, who will find her sympathetic audience among the legion of the "not understood."

There are amusing illustrated nonsense verses, minus moral or reason, especially refreshing in these solemn days of child-psychology and Freudian scandals about the Frog Prince and Cinderella. The jingles have rather more character than the poems—or perhaps we are all spoiled by Milne's perfect blending of the two.

A few stories seem pleasantly told but a bit aimless. Altogether, however, "Number Five Joy Street" is a pleasant house of fancy, well worth entering.

Books for Parents

Compiled by EMILY RUSSELL MCDEVITT

TRAINING THE TODDLER. By *Elizabeth Cleveland.* Lippincott. $2.
THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By *Margaret Macmillan.* Dutton. $2.50.
THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD. By *F. G. Wickes.* Appleton. $3.
SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY. By *E. R. Groves.* Lippincott. $2.50.
UNDERSTANDING OUR CHILDREN. By *Frederick Pierce.* Dutton. $2.
CONCERNING PARENTS. A symposium. New Republic. $1.
THE CHILD, HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. A symposium. Children's Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana. $1.25.
SAFEGUARDING CHILDREN'S NERVES. By *Walsh & Foote.* Lippincott. $2.
THE HOME MAKER AND HER JOB. By *L. M. Gilbreth.* Appleton. $1.75.
EVERYDAY PROBLEMS OF THE EVERYDAY CHILD. By *Thom.* Appleton. $2.50.
CHILDREN'S READING. By *Terman & Lima.* Appleton. $2.
HEALTHY CHILDREN. By *Josephine Baker.* Little, Brown. $1.25.
THE BABY'S FIRST TWO YEARS. By *R. M. Smith.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN. By *Emmet Holt.* Appleton. $1.25.
HOW TE COOK FOR CHILDREN. By *Estelle M. Reilly.* Putnam. $1.50.
PASTIMES FOR SICK CHILDREN. By *Whitten.* Appleton. $1.25.

GILMAN of REDFORD

A New Novel by William Stearns Davis

ABOVE all things, a human narrative properly tinged with the atmosphere of the age. It is to be recommended as telling a vital story in a manner that is usually interesting and sometimes absorbing. It is a carefully wrought, illuminating and capable production. —*New York Times*

EVERY page of the novel is enshrouded in the picturesque atmosphere of the day; every page is quiveringly alive with its spirit. Seldom has so much that is representative of . . . the colonies that were to become a nation been brought within the covers of a novel. —*Boston Transcript*

THE love story of Roger Gilman never falters in its blending of fiction and fact into a glamorous tale. Mr. Davis has written some unforgettable scenes into this novel . . . Throughout all the story is the romance of Roger. It adds a further element of charm to an already entrancing book.—*Philadelphia Ledger*

ONE of the most appealing pieces of American historical fiction that has come from the press in recent years . . . at once a gallant and spirited tale of the Revolution. Here is a volume which should be on every family book-shelf in the United States, a story which should form part of the historical knowledge of the American people. —*Dallas Times Herald*

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SOLITARIA. By V. V. ROZANOV. Translated by S. S. KOTELIANSKY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $4.

Imagine a writer who with equal sincerity hates and adores God; who one day enthusiastically glorifies Christianity and next day despises it in his writings; who in one paper proves himself the most reactionary and in another the most radical ideologist; who with a sincere enthusiasm writes the most contradictory essays about everything; add to this a great deal of talent, paradoxicalness, cynicism, and scepticism; and you will have some idea of Rozanov's personality and writings.

"Solitaria" is one of the most peculiar books of this Russian erratic. It represents a collection of short thoughts previously put on the blank sheet of a letter, or on the back of the lined sheet, or on toilet paper, according to where and when they occurred to the author. The notes were gathered together and published in the form of a book.

The wind blows at midnight and carries away leaves. . . . So also life in fleeting time tears off from our soul exclamations, sighs, half-thoughts, half-feelings. . . . They come straight from the soul, without elaboration, purpose, and premeditation. . . . I have always somehow liked these "sudden exclamations." Afterwards one can't remember them for anything. Yet certain things I succeeded in jotting down on paper. The jottings went on piling up. And then I decided to gather together those fallen leaves. . . . What for? Who needs it? Merely I myself. Ah, dear reader, I have long been writing "without reader" merely because I like it so. I do not stand on ceremony with you, reader, so you need not stand on ceremony with me. "To the devil!" "To the devil! With a reader it is much more tedious, than with oneself. He opens his mouth wide and waits for what is going to be put into it. In which case he has the look of an ass before braying. Not a very engaging sight. . . . What the dickens do I need him for?

This shows the character of the book and somethig of its style. Such a note as the following on the Russian Revolution gives an idea of Rozanov's paradoxes.

La Divina Comedia. With a clang, thud, and bang the iron curtain is dropping down on Russian History. The performance is over. . . . The public gets up. . . . "It's time to put on our overcoats and go home." They look round. But there are neither overcoats to put on, nor houses to go to.

In a similar way Rozanov describes a series of important phenomena, beginning with God and ending with sex. We may like or not his thoughts but one thing is certain: he has a genius for looking at many things from an unusual standpoint and a talent for describing his thought pictorially in a few words. "Solitaria" is certainly not a book for the common reader; but those who like to meditate over Pascal's "Thoughts," or Montaigne's "sceptical fragments," or Nietzsche's pages, or even Confucius's "Analects" will certainly enjoy many of its pages.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Rendered into English by SIR THOMAS URQUHART and PETER MOTLEUX. Illustrated by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Boni & Liveright. 1927. 2 vols.

The English of Urquhart is of course the best receptacle for Rabelais, so far as English and American readers are concerned. The original French is racy and delightful but a little too difficult for foreign readers—too much spills off the idiom and is lost. But Urquhart has that flavorable Jacobean English that makes even a tract good reading. There is no more successful translation into our tongue except the King James Version in English of the same brand. Thus God and the devil were both served by a magnificent style. Mr. Pape's illustrations for this edition are desirable also, broad, racy, and good-humored as illustrations to Rabelais should be. Indeed the two volumes are eminently satisfactory, and will be coveted.

ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME? By BEVERLY NICHOLS. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Nichols's aim in this book is to give intimate pictures of all the people who get their names into the papers—authors, painters, musicians, politicians, theatrical managers, actors, aviators, athletes—but the one successful portrait he achieves is of a person whose name is not listed in the Table of Contents, himself. One gets a very complete image of a young man who assiduously reads the journals and then dashes out to put himself in the way of the latest celebrity, to make him or her talk for publication and the enhancement of Mr. Nichols's already excessive reputation for impudence. Curiously, both Mr. Nichols and his publishers are very proud of this last trait in him. In reading these interviews one finds that the young author's supreme demand of life is that it make him the constant companion of the clever and a connoisseur of rare vintages. Apparently his one demand of posterity is that as an author it regard him as the lineal successor of Mr. Frank Harris, the author of somewhat similar collections of anecdotes recording passing conversations with the celebrated of an earlier era.

ALL THESE. By *Paul Revere Frothingham*. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

Biography

"MY DEAR GIRL." The Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin with Polly Stevenson, Georgiana and Catherine Shipley. Edited by JAMES MADISON STIFLER. Doran. 1927. $3.50.

Part of this correspondence is new, and more of it is old. Everyone who has read Franklin's life or works knows that for more that a dozen years as a colonial agent in London he lived at the home of Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, a widow with a daughter named Polly. Franklin had an affectionate paternal interest in the girl, who was nineteen when he, then past fifty, came to dwell under the same roof. He maintained the acquaintanceship until the end of his life. Indeed, Polly, by this time Mrs. Hewson, brought her three children to visit the old statesman at Passy in 1784-85; and in 1786 she came to live in Philadelphia, and was one of his intimate friends in the three last years of his life. One of his letters to her is especially well known: that of 1767 in which he describes a trip from Dover through France, his presentation at Versailles to the King, the architecture and paving of Paris, and the exceedingly polite manners of the French. "Only think," he wrote, recording the fact that his Paris tailor and perruquier had transformed him into a Frenchman, "what a figure I make in a little bag-wig and naked ears!"

Mr. Stifler has collected all the letters addressed to Polly, perhaps three dozen in all, into one body, and by an unobtrusive connecting text makes of them a pleasant story of friendship. Several statements in the early epistles justify the inference that Franklin once hoped to make Polly his daughter-in-law. He brought his son William to London, and wished that wayward young man to take a respectable wife. Later we find him sympathizing with her in her quarrels with Aunt Tickell, whose property she hoped to inherit; rebuking her when she was ill-natured with common friends; writing her with affectionate counsel when she married; and even confiding to her political information. To piece out the book, the editor has included some fifty pages of Franklin's letters to two daughters of Bishop Jonathan Shipley, whom he first met at Twyford, England, in 1771. Nearly half of these letters are new, and several of them, such as Franklin's admirable "bread-and-butter letter" after a three weeks' sojourn at Twyford, have literary charm. In the last, dated April, 1789, Franklin speaks of his enfeebled health. The book as a whole is a useful compilation, and the well-chosen illustrations add to its value.

Fiction

THE SECRET FOOL. By VICTOR MACCLURE. Brentano's. 1927. $2.

Fergus Blaine, protagonist of Mr. MacClure's novel considers himself a "secret fool." In his heart he knows that he is afraid of life, and yet he passionately wants to live. Disappointed several times in love, he comes suddenly and strangely upon the greatest love that he has ever known—and still is afraid. Mr. MacClure makes of him a genuinely attractive character, adequately motivated and sympathetically drawn. A most cogent reason for reading the novel is to see and understand this Fergus Blaine; his pecularities are those of many of us, his problems almost as common as they are poignant. Laying bare a sensitive and struggling soul is not easily accomplished, but here it has been done with notable success.

Not so much can be said for the other

(*Continued on next page*)

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Believe me,
Very cordially yours,

Edward W. Bok

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Dear Mr. Macrae:

At a football game the other day John McCutcheon began to rave about this book by Ben Ames Williams. Mac and I were together in a newspaper office for many years—a kind of office described in the book. Mac told me that SPLENDOR was the real story of a real working newspaper man. The story is the kind of realism that keeps me reading into the night. It is a splendid book.

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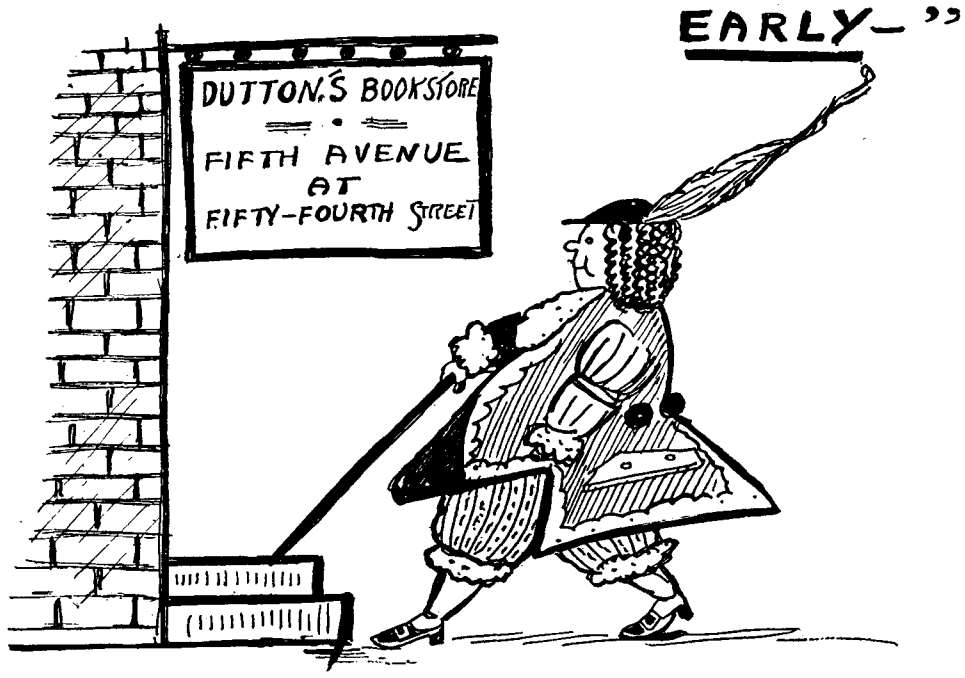

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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

characters and for the plot of "The Secret Fool." Diana, the girl with whom Fergus seeks happiness, seems more a collection of feminine excellences than a real woman; she is probably Mr. MacClure's ideal of womanhood. The plot, acceptable throughout most of its length, is pleasantly unconventional. But the climax of the narrative, which is the friendly yet serious hoodwinking of Fergus by Diana, is a little scheme that we see through at once. We consider this transparency a serious flaw in the structure of the novel. Perhaps Mr. MacClure intended us to be more acute than Fergus, but we have our doubts. In spite of these faults, "The Secret Fool" is better than many novels of more even quality.

THE BULLFIGHTERS. By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT. Dial Press, 1927. $2.50.

Like many young Frenchmen of these days, Henry de Montherlant worships sport with a passion wholly foreign to the average athletic Anglo-Saxon. Sport as such, as competition or strengthening agent, means little to him. He conceives it as something almost religious, from which he gains a pagan ideal of purification and communion with other devotees. This ideal inspires his romances, vivid, sensual, and often cruel, but full of an intense vitality from which a certain hard beauty results. Bullfighting, that most debatable of all the branches of sport, is one of M. de Montherlant's greatest enthusiasms. After spending three years in Spain learning the matador's art, he wrote "Les Bestiaires," which is now presented to us in translation.

There is nothing engaging or charming about his picture; he omits none of the details commonly labelled unpleasant, none of the blood, none of the sordid side of the spectacle. Indeed, it is precisely in these things that he glories. Such deliberate cruelty might be wearing in connection with other subjects, but here it seems in place. His hero is a young Frenchman, Alban de Bricoule, on holiday in Spain and determined to have his try at a bull. through the good offices of an old grandee, breeder of bulls and 'aficionado' of the sport, he receives his opportunity, though not without falling a victim to the wiles of this man's daughter, Soledad. The description of his first corrida occupies nearly half of the book, and in it M. de Montherlant is at his best. After making a sad failure with the first bull, he despatches the second admirably, finding in the process the greatest pleasure of his life. And when it is all over, he discovers that Soledad no longer means anything to him. The book is superbly done with just the proper note of unreality about all of Alban's life outside the ring. Whether the reader shares M. de Montherlant's enthusiasm for his subject or not, he will admit his talent.

THREE STORIES. By CRÉBILLON FILS, VOISENON, and MONTESQUIEU. Brentano. 1927. $3.

This addition to the Broadway Library of Eighteenth Century French Literature presents lesser works by three of the period's most distinguished sons, translated by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson. Crébillon the younger, whose famous "Sopha" already graces this library, brings a "moral dialogue" after the manner of Diderot to the collection, called "Fortunes in the Fire."

The brilliant Abbé de Voisenon, friend of Voltaire, is more entertaining than his famous contemporary in "A Tale of Felicity," while Montesquieu's "Arsace and Isménie" is at least the product of a fine and subtle mind, however far from evident his best qualities may be in this tale. Mrs. Jackson is sufficiently skilful as a translator, but her introductions are sketchy and often vague at the most crucial points, The book as a whole is not one of the most important in the series, although it may provide diversion for those who are fond of the exquisitely mannered prose of the mid eighteenth-century. The central situation of "A Tale of Felicity" is bound to amuse, however much the lengthy form discourages attention.

NOTHING BUT THE EARTH. By PAUL MORAND. McBride. 1927. $2.50.

Less carefully planned and less subtly thought than his short stories, this diverting account of Paul Morand's voyage around the world nevertheless makes thoroughly good reading. His mind is so open to impressions of every sort, his observation so acute, that wherever his fancy may take him from Ayuthia to New York some glittering image is bound to result. The brilliance of his book, like that of his mind, is more than superficial; like Aldous Huxley, who recently undertook a similar expedition with equal profit to his readers, he shows a real ability to penetrate beneath the surface of what he sees abroad. The absence of any fixed conception of things as they should be,—his adaptable cosmopolitan viewpoint, in other words,—renders his sharp criticism of material things,—hotels, restaurants, trains, boats,—particularly valuable. But he is at his best explaining the life and art of some obscure Asiatic race. The Siamese, who obviously impressed him, have never been better handled in a short travel book. Many white elephants should be awarded M. Morand for his sympathy in writing of this bizarre little kingdom where fist fights are in vogue and the theatrical performances outlast those of the Chinese.

Wherever he goes, Macao, Sokotra, Djibouti, Aden,—the list is long and even in these days of world cruises, out of the ordinary,—he contrives a brief and telling picture. Lewis Galantière has rendered the crowding, hurried images of the Frenchman into strong, clear English, yet in the process he spoils several of his choicest effects, such as the description of Obock as "the land of beautiful postage stamps." Although America is barely mentioned, M. Morand's book will appeal to us as a nation of inveterate travellers, while his writing will please those who can take their prose straight, with no fear of the consequences.

THE GATEWAY TO LIFE. By FRANK THIESS. Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.

The name of Frank Thiess is comparatively new to German letters. Born in 1890, his entire reputation has been made since the war, resting on a trilogy of novels, a study of Gogol, a book on the dance, and a few more scholarly remains. His novels have pleased a great many people for reasons which will be evident to any reader, but principally because of their forthright, healthy tone. Their success may be understood when they are contrasted with the bulk of post-war German novels, which reveal a number of interesting experiments in the field of psychology, and some effective historical romances, but little of solid value. Thiess has struck a middle course, preferring to use the old technique, settings, and even many of the stock characters of the preceding generation. There is no sign in his work of the great national crisis, either past or approaching. Yet his books, contributing nothing to the advancement of the form, even bereft of any strikingly original ideas, are well worth translating.

By comparison with so old a master as Thomas Mann (to name only the most obvious), he appears old fashioned. But "Das Tor zur Welt," which Mr. Lowe-Porter has called "The Gateway to Life," is a sort of compendium of all the things we like to consider essentially Teutonic in these well-disposed times. It is well put together, though it is actually part of a trilogy and is not designed to stand alone. It is thorough, tinged with honest sentiment and a sincere desire for truth. Above all, it presents a virile picture of adolescence,—a picture far removed from the subtle and diabolical youngsters of André Gide's "Counterfeiters." Moreover, the picture seems authentic. The group of students which we follow through its last year in a small university is not highly varied, nor is their life, but how clear are the portraits, how refreshing the unsentimentalized background of an old town which centers its whole existence about the student corps. Even the perfectly conventional affairs between the students and the girls of the town gain fresh emotional value because they are simply and sincerely recounted. If there is a lesson to be learned from Herr Thiess's book, it would seem to be that of good workmanship and honesty of intention, which can still triumph over novelistic fashions. He represents, no doubt, a "return to normalcy" of no particular significance for the future, but to the reading present "The Gateway to Life" will be unusually welcome.

History

FOUR SPEECHES BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN. With an Introduction by Earl Wellington Wiley. Ohio State University Press. $2.50 net.

THE FIRST AMERICANS. By *Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker.* (A History of American Life). Macmillan.

THE RISE OF THE COMMON MAN. By *Carl Russell Fish.* (A History of American Life). Macmillan.

THE EMERGENCE OF MODERN AMERICA. By *Allan Nevins.* (A History of American Life). Macmillan.

PROVINCIAL SOCIETY. By *James Truslow Adams.* (A History of American Life). Macmillan.

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Philosophy

THE PROBLEM OF LAY-ANALYSES. By SIGMUND FREUD. Brentano's. 1927.

Few critics will agree with Dr. Ferenczi that Freud has "a striking gift to make himself easily understood to the laity," or that this book is "exemplary in its lucidity." On the contrary, many have recorded with regret that to Freud, a man of many gifts and some rare ones, has not been added the gift of exposition. Psychoanalysis has suffered from its friends, as do many causes, and in this instance from a tedious and somewhat pedantic type of insistence, which together with the dissensions that have arisen in the ranks, has made the progress of the Freudian movement resemble that of a cult more than a science. One is tempted to add that, if Dr. Freud were to submit himself to the aggressive but effective methods of a keen American reporter, a single brief interview would tell the public more of what Freud thinks on the problem of lay-analysis than appears in this wordy account. Naturally, Dr. Freud would offer resistance to this process, somewhat similar to that which he finds in his patients, though for different reasons. The ordeal of the interview would be beneficial to simplify what his method makes complex. In brief, Dr. Freud is evidently put out by the prohibition on "analysis" except by medical men which has been established in Austria. He favors the right of lay practice for those specially trained but who lack a medical degree.

In the second essay, in which Dr. Freud tells with a commendable candor the history of his mental life, we have a welcome contribution. Here is a readable account of the successive stages in his doctrine and his relations to other workers in the field. Here the method is narrative, and in narrative his clinical sense comes to his aid.

Apart from a little impatience with the French reactions to his views, Dr. Freud's record is that of a man sincerely modest, whose life has been peculiarly subject to misconception and disregard. He speaks frankly of such difficulties. The reader of this autobiographical study receives a favorable impression of the man as well as of the development of psychoanalysis. Dr. Freud remains a leader of a significant advance in the knowledge of man. The psycho-autobiography is the statement of a man who realizes that his work is done, but is keenly interested in its future in other hands.

DIRECTING MENTAL ENERGY. By FRANCIS AVELING. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

The central hypothesis of Aveling's discussion is that each person has a limited amount of physical and mental energy, and that this amount cannot be increased by any effort of the individual or by any change in his environment. The only proof offered for the theory is a bit of evidence with regard to the "span of attention." The discriminating reader, seeking scientific indices of the validity of recommended programs, may take the absence of rigid demonstration in this basic theorem as an indication of general unreliability and toss the volume aside without further examination. This would be unfortunate, for the book contains some extremely useful suggestions.

The philosophy behind the whole discussion is thoroughly sound and conventional. Aveling points out repeatedly that "success" consists in achieving one's personal objectives, and that until one has chosen definite purposes in living and has determined to make the sacrifices necessary for their accomplishment he has no chance of being successful. Having selected as his major objective something which is appropriate and really obtainable one should set up intermediate mile-posts to be reached at intervals along the way and should then march steadily forward without turning aside into the many attractive by-paths that constantly tempt weary feet.

The weakest sections of the book are those dealing with fatigue and with mental measurements. It is doubtful whether Aveling's statements that "fatigue is a symptom of over-expended energy" and that boredom is a signal of fatigue and of "need for inactivity" could be proved. Here, as in his treatment of mental tests, accuracy has been sacrificed to brevity. Performance tests do not measure the same mental traits as are measured by the verbal tests, nor were the mental tests used in the U. S. Army able to indicate the "kind of employment for which each recruit was best fitted." Encouraging experimental work has been interpreted by our English friend as actual achievement. He reveals also a pardonable lack of knowledge of certain recent experiments in the United States on the measurement of interests and personality, and his critical standards in the techniques of mental testing are surprisingly weak.

One who reads this volume to find guaranteed rules for attaining success will be disappointed. Aveling offers many valuable suggestions, but he is too much of a psychologist to attempt finality. He shows the value of identifying one's self with his work, the necessity of avoiding emotional disturbances, the importance of tidiness, method, and order in one's daily routine, and the beneficial effects of hygienic surroundings, rest periods, and play. Certain chapters of the book are unnecssarily wordy, and several psychological concepts are given interpretations that are entirely too simple, but to interpret complex psychological principles accurately for the popular reader would require a literary genius.

Religion

ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. Dutton.

The varied literary capacity of Mr. Clutton-Brock has been known to many readers, though his books were few and unpretentious. It was worth while to collect and publish posthumously some of his essays, like the present group of seven essays on religion. Two of these have already been accessible to American readers in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They all show a skilful and original way of thinking about the problems of religion. In a sense they are more psychological than religious. Mr. Brock analyzed acutely the basis of some modern doubts and difficulties. In "Pooled Self-Esteem" he truly and delightfully explains war as motivated by a kind of collective superiority complex. Two essays deal with evil—"Evil and the New Psychology" and "The Nature of Evil." Other essays have in common the question of the relation of judgments of fact and judgments of value. The latter are not to be dissipated by the scientific habit of classification. Religion, like beauty, has to do with the particular. While they do not prove the existence of God, they indicate that God, if he is, is according to our values. The last essay is on the English Bible.

JESUS: A NEW BIOGRAPHY. By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE. University of Chicago Press. 1927 $3.

Professor Case is one of the most reliable of our younger New Testament scholars. His "Historicity of Jesus" was one of the best demonstrations of the striking lack of historical acumen conspicuous in recent attempts to dispel the entire gospel story as a myth. What he now adds is a constructive volume whose aim is to depict the actual career of Jesus as trustworthy historical criticism would determine it. There is, of course, nothing "new" about such an attempt, but gospel criticism has not worked in vain these four generations past, and there are new data, and new appreciations for old data, in the field of archæology and the economic and social environment which make the writing of a historical account of the career of Jesus a very different matter from that of a generation ago.

Readers who have been surfeited with the rhetorical sentimentalities of a Papini, so extravagantly lauded a short time ago, will find a welcome relief in the sober, simple, but very readable pages of this "new biography."

THE BOOK OF JOB. Holt.

MODERN WORSHIP. By *Van Ogden Vogt*. Yale University Press. $2.

LIBERAL RELIGION. By *Claude Enoch Sayre*. Badger.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE PRESENT MORAL UNREST. Oxford University Press. $2.

CHRIST IN THE WORLD TODAY. By *Charles Lewis Slattery*. Scribners. $2.50.

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The Wits' Weekly

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Competition No. 11. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the politest copy of verses to an old enemy wishing him an unhappy New Year. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 26.)

Competition No. 12. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for an imaginary review (not exceeding five hundred words) of a recently discovered "Alice Up the Chimney," by Lewis Carroll. The review should contain at least two quotations. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 2.)

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

THE EIGHTH COMPETITION
Won by Arjeh and Donald S. Cummings, of Chicago

A prize of fifteen dollars for the best continuation of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

PERHAPS because this competition was only announced once and then, by an error, without any statement of the date on which entries fell due, there were fewer entries than I expected. Quality, however, made up for quantity and more entries deserve to be printed than there is space for in this issue. The best continuations were written by Theodore N. Bates, H. H., Arjeh, and Donald S. Cummings, and the prize is divided equally between the two last named. Two paragraphs of the entry by H. H. are also printed:

Not least among pleasures of the traveler, I reflected, is the lighting unforeseen upon pleasant places—and that frequently in the midst of long and anxious anticipation directed toward some other object. I could not well say all this—not knowing to whom I should be addressing my observation—so I contented myself with merely, Heigh ho!

This evil curtain, said the lady. It will be necessary to call Jeanne to replace these pins. Not at all, madame, said I. Beyond this I had no words—but subjects for reflection abounded.

THE PRIZEWINNING ENTRIES

I. *By Donald S. Cummings*

C'est la Guerre!—shrieked the Fille de Chambre, mistaking my gesture for the beginning of atrocities (the third article of the treaty by that time being completely shattered).

C'est la Guerre!—and she dashed madly out of the room into the arms of La Fleur. I knew it was he for I heard him ask—Monsieur calls? However, he made no further inquiries and the door having shut itself I turned to quiet Madame's fear. It is *not* war, Madame—said I,—or if it *is* war, 'twill be a very civil one, for they are both French.

Ah!—so profoundly did Madame sigh I was startled. Ah, Monsieur, she sighed,—but these French civil wars are so brutal. Were they both English perhaps no blood would be spilt.

I was not sure but it seemed to me a trace of scorn for my country sounded in that speech. 'Tis true, Madame, that—at that moment a slight gust of air fanned a smothered ember into a brief flame and by its glow I saw a smile flickering upon my room-mate's lips.

However that may be at home, Madame, some of the greatest atrocities in history have, no doubt, been committed during English invasions.

As for that I cannot say Monsieur Englishman, English arms have never ventured into Piedmont territory.

That I assure you is not for lack of provocation but what with treaties . . . Mere words—she interrupted,—and the barriers— I continued—

There upon Madame burst into uncontrolled laughter. Surely, said she, so determined a race as the English, such famous mountain climbers, such irresistible conquerors would not be stopped by such barriers. This provocative speech was accompanied by a sweeping gesture—so sweeping in fact that I was left in some doubt as to what barriers were indicated.

Faith, Madame, you force me to become the champion of my country's honor.

An English champion no doubt, such as M. Shakespeare describes in his poems.

But that reference may be ignored for the discussion had died—by its own hand, so to speak.

At what time the Fille de Chambre returned to her bed I do not know, having fallen into a very deep slumber in the later watches of the night. I awoke to find La Fleur busy with my boots. Upon seeing that I was awake he brought me a missive—which—he said—had been left for me by Madame.

I wish, Monsieur—said the note—to acknowledge my error—that champion of M. Shakespeare's was not, I now recall, English, but of that other isle—Cyprus, I believe.

The barrier being now removed—we resumed our journey. As we drove on to Turin I was filled with pleasant anticipations and delightful reflections upon approaching the capitol of these Piedmontese who can accept defeat so sweetly.

II. *By Arjeh*

Tut! said I, 'tis pity it should be stolen.

For the Fille de Chambre convey'd into my hand divers of the corking pins—En verité, Monsieur, said she.

Except for her whisper, the Fille de Chambre was as a second chair in the passage.

Madame, said I to the lady.

(I was going to have continued, that for the galaxy, I would not have ventur'd so insistent a protest.)

The hand of the Fille de Chambre, which still contain'd a pin, was of the most delicate texture.

Madame, said I, hath there not been a treaty enter'd into between us, and doth not this bind us; ox and ass, man-servant and maid-servant?

The Fille de Chambre at hearing these words withdrew her hand.

Therefore, in sum, said I, since neutrality is friendship in all but opportunity, let those acts be permitted a friend which are allow'd a menial.

The Fille de Chambre thrust into my bosom from her other hand her whole store of pins, which, as my shirt could not contain them, I suffer'd to fall thence to the ground.

Alas! cry'd the lady, I am altogether undone.

Of a truth, Madame, said I, you are your best authority; and since my convenience, Madame—said I, thrusting myself and my breeches into the passage—since my convenience is as nothing when compar'd with your security, then—said I.

Heigh ho, sigh'd the Fille de Chambre, who, as being now unconcern'd with our negotiation, was retreated into the closet.

It would appear, Monsieur, said the lady, that we aggrieve the world with our quarrel.

With our content, rather, Madame, said I, making fast again the opening—and my speech being barr'd by pins, I suppos'd she had not heard me and therefore bow'd my head. In my country, said I, one thread shrewdly drawn doth the work of many pins, and the cloth, being neither scant nor flimsy, ministers but to calm the spirit.

But, said I, you have been in England?

Your ear, Monsieur, your ear, said the lady. They order, said she, this matter better in France.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

T. H. B., Bowling Green, Ky., asks for information as to the life of Elizabeth Haldane, author of "George Eliot and Her Times" (Appleton).

ELIZABETH SANDERSON HALDANE'S interests have been wide enough to include some of those of George Eliot: she has, for instance, translated Hegel's "History of Philosophy" (published in three volumes in England in 1892) and the philosophical works of Descartes, and has written lives of Descartes and of Ferrier. She is also prominent in the territorial nursing service, manager of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and author of "The British Nurse in Peace and War." She is a Companion of Honour, and the list of her connections with economic and political matters is long: it may be mentioned that she was the first woman justice of the peace in Scotland.

M. H. F., Santa Barbara, Cal., says that H. C. Bailey's "The Fool" is a recent novel historically authentic, and that it presents vividly the development and culmination of the struggle between Thomas à Becket and Henry. This is evidently the novel for which *A. A. K.* has been looking, to reinforce his study of Tennyson's "Becket." The *Thomas Y. Crowell Company* demur a little at my speaking of Aylmer Maude as the "official translator" of Tolstoy, and send me extracts from letters from members of the Tolstoy family, commending the translations of Nathan Haskell Dole. "We do not think," they say, "that that term can properly be applied to any of Tolstoy's translators." And *G. F. S., Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio,* tells me that Dodd, Mead publish a translation of "War and Peace," and that the translator is none other than Constance Garnett.

R. P. R., Philadelphia, asks for books on book-collecting, for a beginner.

"A Primer of Book Collecting," by J. T. Winterich (Greenberg), sets down many of the points that beginners wish to know and that books for addicts take for granted. "Byways Among English Books," by Cyril Davenport (Stokes), formerly of the British Museum, goes further, taking the collector up several fascinating and comparatively uncrowded roads, such as miniature books, embroidered and unusually bound books, and the rare hornbooks of which a collection lately shown in this city aroused such interest. The pictures in Mr. Davenport's book are redrawn from photographs and introduced in the text in such a way as not to destroy the balance of the page; not doing this, by the way, makes a page of more than one of the more pretentious books about at first glance look something like a hastily assembled illustrated catalogue. "Books and Bidders," by Dr. Rosenbach (Little, Brown), is a record of the experiences of a famous and successful professional; there is no type of business whose new interest has for the reading public quite the savor that this has. "In Quest of the Perfect Book," William Dana Orcutt's fine large volume of reminiscences and gathered experience (Little, Brown), has just been followed by a similar collection, "The Kingdom of Books" (Little, Brown). This strikes its key in the frontispiece, a colored etching of the bookstalls along the Seine, and goes on with chapters on great printers of the past and the present, some works on incunabula, a little about bindings, and an account of the personalities and productions of the Plantin-Moretu Museum at Antwerp. "Americana," by Milton Waldman (Holt), will help to equip a collector in this important field, and is in itself a valuable contribution to the documenting of our social history. Two pamphlets issued by the N. Y. Public Library, Frank Weitenkampf's "The Illustrated Book" and "Illustrated Books of the Past Four Centuries," have been several times reprinted as the result of the demand: they have been often used as textbooks. Their importance in this field is high.

* * *

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH writes from Portland, Maine, that additional facts about Marie Bashkirtseff may be found in "Moussia: ou la Vie et la Mort de Marie Bashkirtseff," by Alberic Cahnet (Charpentier, Paris, 1926) *Sadie Walker, Rothenburg, Bavaria*—who lives in the Villa Rosalba, named after Thackeray's heroine—sends me the name of the asked-for novel in which a game of Canfield figured. "If you really haven't read Harry Leon Wilson's 'The Boss of Little Arcady'" she says, even you have a treat coming. Don't you remember how she plucked the queen out and said she *was* free?" Give this department time—and distance—and it fills orders neatly. *Elise Noyes of the Stamford Bookstore* says that the reader looking for the soul of woman should look into Katherine Mansfield's "Journal" (Knopf). Here are three calls that I cannot answer: *D. B., Los Angeles,* asks for instances in history where jewelry saved the family name or fortune. I can recall stories of jewels that damaged both of these, but not the other way round. *L. M. E., Middletown, Ct.,* asks what comparatively recent novel has a Southern character called "a second Daniel Boone." *M. G., Toronto, Canada,* asks for the name of a book published since 1918 containing a letter written by General von Moltke of the staff of the German Army in 1914, in which he uses the words "Canada beckons as the prize." He has read a review of this book, and believes that the letter it quotes was written late in May in 1914 when von Moltke was in Boston or somewhere in the United States.

E. L. K., Philadelphia, has been told that books of travel will be welcomed for Christmas presents by several members of her family. "They have read the Hallibur-ton books and 'Trader Horn' and enjoyed them."

THE first book that comes to mind when a book is needed to follow these is W. B. Seabrook's "Adventures in Arabia" (Harcourt, Brace), full of excitement, glamor, and general magic. If the reader is interested in the impressions of a romantic and life-loving young Englishman who had a wonderful time in the Far East, he will have that kind of a time with Crosbie Garstin's "The Dragon and Lotos" (Stokes). The photographs in "The Story of Everest," by Captain John Noel (Little, Brown), are so remarkable that one remembers them as vividly as one does the descriptions; those taken with a long-distance camera showing the peaks as yet inaccessible are especially moving. Several members of the Roosevelt family have collaborated in "Cleared for Strange Ports" (Scribner); these experiences of travel range from Korea to Alaska; I like best the opening one by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., which sets the key for the book. "Oasis and Simoon" (Dutton) is a characteristic production of Ferdinand Ossendowski, with a love-story running through.

For travels not quite so unconventional but still off the beaten track, there are several from Europe: "Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence," by A. H. Murray (Dutton) is unusually entertaining, for in the company are Henry Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. "Undiscovered France," by Émile F. Williams (Houghton Mifflin) is a beautiful gift-book of the season, opening the eyes of even an experienced traveller to much that he has missed. Clara E. Laughlin's "So You're Going to France" (Houghton Mifflin) is on the same plan as her earlier travel-companions and will make the journey in the suitcases of thousands.

R. K. L., Newark, N. J., asks for suggestions on short plays or other forms of entertainment suitable for a program in which there would be several numbers.

IF there should be anyone with ambitions to put on an American equivalent of the Chauve Souris or a revue of the nature of Riverside Nights, there is material at hand in two little books that have lately reached me. The first is "Ballads for Acting," arranged by V. B. Lawton (Macmillan) an English publication brought over in time for Christmas, though these ballads are not especially for the holiday season. I opened to the gem of the collection, the incomparable ballad of "The Undaunted Female," which has long seemed to me to call for just such treatment, and found it nothing less than delicious; the chorus stands in a wooden row at the back of the stage, making its gestures simultaneously, and these are indicated with such precision that the reader sees just how funny they would be. Sometimes the ballad is sung by a bard alone, and any one could be, if voices were scarce.

The other is Percival Wilde's "Three-Minute Plays" (Greenberg), audacious entertainments in whose composition the dramatist evidently had a grand time, and by whose reading one who starts on the first page is irresistibly carried on to the last. They are actually begun, developed, and brought to a climax in this space of time, the climax being naturally the feature; they are divided into "innocentia, musicalia (the notes for these are given) and immoralia," the latter taking most of the book. Of these a few are mere anecdotes, but all are as neatly turned as a full-length play. They may be given with neither scenery or rehearsal, or put on by little theatres in any fashion that they please, some of them, for obvious reasons, won't be given at all.

G. H. C., New York, asks for books about the Mississippi.

"FATHER MISSISSIPPI," by Lyle Saxon (Century), is no book to begin if one has a train to catch. It opens with happy, desultory memories of plantation life and a wedding at a period when it was daring for a bride to wear only three petticoats, then it describes the levees and the horror of a "crevasse," then it turns back to the history of the river and brings this to the present day, including the great flood of this year, meanwhile throwing in all sorts of frontier stories and a famous murder. There are Mississippi steamboats in F. E. Dayton's "Steamboat Days" (Stokes), a treasury for anyone looking back to the era of inland water transportation by river, lake, or sound, but the magic of the river history is in "Mississippi Steamboatin'," by Herbert and Edward Quick (Holt), a record of bandits and pioneers, gamblers and racing captains, and above all the curious splendor that in the golden age of steamboating the river boats gave to inland civilization. "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi," by George Devol (Holt), is as unabashed a book as ever I read: this lad loved his line of business. It is an old autobiography, brought out again in deference to the present interest in our less respectable past. "Mostly Mississippi," by Harold Speakman (Dodd, Mead), continues this author's unconventional travels in various parts of the world: this time he goes by canoe and houseboat from the headwaters to New Orleans, taking time to enjoy the riverside life. The book is illustrated by the author's drawings; the others named are full of photographs and old prints.

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Points of View

"Delia Demonstrates"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is not my habit to answer book reviews, but the one in your publication of Oct. 15 ("Delia Demonstrates") makes me break that rule. Not because the review is unfavorable, but because it is unfair as to facts.

The reviewer says "In one town she stays at a run-down hotel, next morning—she is able to get the town council to arrange a loan—the hotel immediately becomes famous throughout the state."

It wasn't the town council which furnished the loan, but the proprietor's fiancée. It wasn't next morning but several days later. And the hotel proved a success not next day, but several months later. If your reviewer doesn't think this possible ask him to read how Alice Foote MacDougal's business has grown; as just one instance.

Your reviewer states that Delia "has the entire street car system remodeled for the benefit of young mothers." What she actually suggests is a means of making a certain rule of the company ridiculous—a stunt which succeeds. Given the circumstances supplied by the story, it most certainly would succeed, anywhere, anytime. What occurs afterwards in the story is, I believe, the logical result of this stunt—which merely waked up a city to conditions which had grown intolerable.

If your reviewer doesn't believe a girl who is all trim and alert and smart by day can "melt into soft curves" at night his experience of working girls must be confined to those over forty-five.

Let's admit that Delia's refusing to bother with expense accounts is unusual, but accepting the fact that Delia is rightly or wrongly represented as an unusually valuable demonstrator and a friend of the head of the firm (incidentally *not* a National Biscuit Co.) it isn't so queer. In any organization, however great or small, the fellow who can bring home the bacon can laugh at the rules.

I don't consider that "Delia Demonstrates" is seriously to be reviewed as literature. It pretends to be entertainment and only that. Originally written as a series of short stories it naturally packs perhaps too many episodes within too little space. But in accusing me of making Delia infallible your reviewer shows he skimmed over at least three chapters wherein Delia's schemes went wrong. (Not that I blame a reviewer for skimming, but only for being cocksure without full information.)

Delia may be an irritating Miss Fixit to lots of people, but I maintain that there are ten thousand girls of the Delia type in business, who, given the opportunities Delia had, would be able to function as she is presented. I don't believe that the fiction reader needs, for this story, any more "Will to believe" than he needs to believe the stories he can read in the newspapers day by day.

The Delia Dean sort of stuff is fairy-tale stuff? Sure. But America is a fairy-tale country, and until reviewers realize how often and how swiftly dreams come true in the United States, they will continue to razz authors whose fairy-tales can be duplicated a thousand times a week in the news.

I recognize your reviewer's right to dislike my book and say so, and I would never write to kick about that. But I object to his basing his adverse criticism on statements which "ain't so."

BERTON BRALEY.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

For the benefit of those of your readers who have not read the book involved, you really must allow me to protest, briefly but most emphatically, against the review appearing on page 342 of your issue of November 26. I refer to Professor John Berdan's notice of "The Lion and the Fox" by Wyndham Lewis.

Professor Berdan makes a series of complaints about the book, based upon the assumption that it was written to throw new light on the days of Queen Elizabeth by means of "second-hand knowledge." In assuming this, Professor Berdan, as I shall proceed to show you, indicates that he has failed to gain the slightest inkling of what the book he was reviewing was about. The question thus arises: why on earth did he review it?

"The Lion and the Fox" is not aimed at throwing new light on Elizabethan times at all. Already in your issue of October 1 (page 155) I had the privilege of stating that "The Lion and the Fox" was "a philosophic study of a great artist's relations to the great men of action, the statesmen and governors." I will now amplify that too brief definition. The theme of the book is the nature of the artist as revealed by the work of the greatest poet (i.e., literary artist) we know of. The reason why Shakespeare, Mr. Lewis argues, was able so powerfully to express the philosophy of tragedy is that at the same time as he had a thinker's contempt for the way in which his heroes fatally indulged their lust for power, their lust for the pomps and vanities of this world, he had a feminine admiration and affection for them. He was able to be simultaneously Fate and the victim of Fate; he was able to be simultaneously the Lion (e.g., Othello) and the Fox (e.g., Iago). Shakespeare could do this because he was just as great as his heroes were, just as solitary, just as energetic; only he directed his energy to different ends.

In order to be qualified to argue such a view of Shakespeare's nature, it is not necessary to have what Mr. Berdan would call "first-hand knowledge" of Elizabethan times; it is enough to be familiar with the plays and to be oneself an important artist. This Mr. Wyndham Lewis unquestionably is, though of course Professor Berdan would only be able to ascertain the fact at what he calls "second-hand." Mr. Herbert Read, a recognized expert on art employed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, says in the *Nation and Athenaeum* (November 19): "Mr. Lewis is first and foremost a great painter." Again, Major Bonamy Dobree says in the *Criterion* (June 1927): "Mr. Lewis being himself certainly one of the most original artists of our day, and perhaps the most powerful, is better able to see Shakespeare plain, not being compelled to make him fit into a pigmy nature."

What, indeed, has to be grasped before one can pass judgment upon Mr. Lewis's writings is that he is an artist who finds himself alive at a time when it is practically impossible for an artist to get on with his work. In this quandary he has been driven to undertake certain investigations as to why that is so, of which "The Lion and the Fox" is a first result. The purpose of the book is obvious. If the community is once again to make a place for art, then it had better learn how to distinguish a genuine artist from the hordes of contemporary imposters.

How far in the book Mr. Lewis succeeds in making plausible his view of Shakespeare and the artist generally is a question for the reviewer to deal with. But necessarily a competent reviewer, not one, who like Professor Berdan, imagines that the author's object is the ridiculous object of throwing new light on the days of Queen Elizabeth by rehashing "second-hand knowledge."

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Allan Upward

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Such is fame. The anonymous reviewer in your issue of October 22 apparently does not know that Allan Upward is dead. And from all I have ever seen in print it would seem that no one has ever understood Upward's suicide. Knowing him as I did, and considering the date of the tragedy it appears to me that he very probably shot himself in a simple fit of disgust on hearing that the Swedish Academy had awarded the Nobel prize to G. B. Shaw.

Considering the seriousness of Upward's thought when he was serious, i.e., not playing the fool in journalism or cheap fiction, and considering the fundamental triviality of Shaw beneath his fly-catching intellectualism, the disgust was probably perfectly natural.

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy.

"Slovenly Peter"

To the Editor of *"The Saturday Review:"*
SIR:

In response to your correspondent who is inquiring as to the author of "Slovenly Peter" let me say that "Strüwwelpeter" was originally brought out in 1845. Its author, Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, was for years Director of the Insane Asylum in Frankfurt-am-Main, where he was born and lived. It had gone through over three hundred editions in 1922. Hoffmann was born in 1809 and died in 1894.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

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Some Catalogues

BOOKSELLERS distribute catalogues because it pays them to do so. Some recent arrivals from London, however, justify a suspicion that the bibliopolists have become patriotic altruists, for the benefit of the British Postoffice. Maggs Brothers' catalogues have long been a cause of wonder, as well as of admiration, with their title to a page, usually with a facsimile to boot. Not to be outdone, the long-established firm of Henry Stevens Sons, and Stiles are now reminding their correspondents that they have an enormous stock of Americana, by issuing a 578-page catalogue, listing 2,156 items. There are, inevitably, a good many very unusual "nuggets," to revive old "G. M. B." Stevens's term, scattered through these pages, but on the whole the effort of the firm seems to have been to remind their friends that it is still possible to purchase desirable books for a pound or two, and that these less expensive things have very real and fundamental interest.

Mr. Ernest Dressel North contributes his mite to the growing mass of material on the history of contemporary book collecting, in the foreword to the catalogue in which he celebrates the completion of his twenty-fifth year in business. The frontispiece is a charming view of his new quarters at 587 Fifth Avenue. He draws two suggestive comparisons, both concerning the copy of "Paradise Lost," with the first title of 1667, which is offered at $5,500. His first catalogue, twenty-five years ago, contained 401 items, and the total prices amounted to $4,931. On the oher hand, this "Paradise Lost," in all the glory of full crushed levant morocco by Riviere, can be had for just half what was paid a couple of years ago for a copy that had not even been—and just because it had not been—rebound, but was still in its shabby seventeenth century calf binding. Mr. North cites half a dozen titles which were in his first catalogue, and likewise in this one, as illustrative of the extraordinary changes, not only in the prices, but equally in the tastes and the requirements of discriminating collectors.

Walter M. Hill's latest catalogue is devoted to books from Modern Presses, and is one more evidence that these are more than ever in fashion. It also shows that this is like all other fashions, subject to passing whims. The catalogue starts off with a few of William Loring Andrews's publications, at prices which suggest that they are barely holding their own. Printed at the Gilliss Press, these volumes have the thinness that was its fatal characteristic, redeemed by a delicate refinement and an appropriateness that made Mr. Gilliss the peer of any of his contemporaries. As examples of nice book making, these publications of Mr. Andrews's are still among the pleasantest to possess. If they are passing out of fashion, what fate is in store for most of the current issues of what are now the "famous" presses?

Harvard University Press has just issued in a pleasant small octavo format a collection of "pious and consolatory verses from Puritan Massachusetts," entitled "Handkerchiefs from Paul," edited by Kenneth B. Murdock. Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed. The versifiers represented are Joseph Thompson, John Wilson, and Samuel Danforth, and it hardly needs the quotation of such titles as "Upon the Death of Elizabeth Thompson," "To God, Our Twice-Revenger," and "The Orphan's Progress," to suggest the mode and quality of these resurrected bijouterie of Puritan New England. Mr. Murdock has written a readable introduction, differing therein from most of the poems, and has perhaps said the final word about his subject: "In Puritan New England . . . one must pay in harshness and lack of music for a glimpse of the deep emotion which demanded expression of writers unequal to their task."

ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION

"The Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall of Francis Lord Verulam Viscount St. Albans" is to be the first issue of the newly established Cresset Press, 11 Fitzroy Square, London. The prospectus shows a page more reminiscent of Kelmscott and Doves than present tendencies in typography would lead one to expect, but the fact that the book is to be printed at the Shakespeare Head Press promises a workmanlike volume. There will be 250 copies on hand-made paper at ten guineas, and eight copies (all sold) on vellum at one hundred guineas. "The Iliad," in a rendition of 750 copies at fifty shillings, and a series of reprints of early books on country life priced at twelve shillings and sixpence are also on the Press's program.

"English Illumination," by O. Elfrida Saunders, and "English Mediæval Painting," by Tancred Borenius and E. W. Tristram. In The Pantheon Series. The Pegasus Press, 37 Rue Boulard, Paris. Numerous collotype plates. The former at 8 guineas in two volumes, the latter at 4½ guineas in one volume: all in half leather.

"The First Score: An Account of the Foundation and Development of the Beaumont Press and Its First Twenty Publications," by Cyril W. Beaumont. The Beaumont Press, London. Three hundred and ten copies on paper, and eighty copies on "parchment vellum," signed.

On Printing

A PLAN OF PRINTING INSTRUCTION FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By HENRY H. TAYLOR. New York: The John Day Company, for the American Institute of Graphic Arts. 1927.

THE small book before us is the only thoroughly creditable work on the subject of printing instruction in schools which we have ever seen, the only one, we believe, which exists. The whole system of such instruction, being in the hands of unintelligent job printers, has been debased to the level of the back-alley printing office, and manuals on the practice to be followed have been trivial, complex, and banal beyond belief. Mr. Taylor, whose own work as a printer in San Francisco has been notable for its excellence of design and execution, now puts into small compass a treatise on the general plan for instruction in Junior High and Polytechnic schools. He has wisely avoided the pitfall of "practical" examples, and instead has written a thoroughly sound, readable, and sensible essay on the theory of the teaching of printing.

In one particular, even if there were no other merits in the book, Mr. Taylor has given unimpeachable advice: he has stipulated for hand-processes as the only just foundation for learning the art and mystery of printing. Hand-presses—hand-set type—hand printing: these are as necessary as a first-hand knowledge of carpentry and masonry to an architect—and as universally ignored. Here is the core of the whole matter which has been overlooked or belittled by all the so-called teachers of printing in our schools. He emphasizes the necessity for getting the young student acquainted with the fundamental process of printing, rather than with such incidental aspects as automatic machinery and mass production. Here is sound sense in a field which had apparently been completely overrun by "text-books" written by hard-working but ill-informed "practical" printers. It ought to revolutionize the teaching of printing in all schools, and should be carefully read by every teacher of printing in the country.

The volume itself is a careful piece of work, hand-set by Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press, and, as we have said before, the pages from that establishment are models of what type-setting should be.

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QUITE unbelievable to us in their vulgarity have been the advertisements of the moving picture made from *John Erskine's* "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Professor Erskine himself must shudder. Heavens, that the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers, etc., should be degraded to these uses! What do we read: "2700 Years the World has Waited to see her—*in Private!* . . She put the *"Hist!"* in History! . . *This* Queen could sure love Royally! . . and She's in the Movies Now!" or "WHO was the First Flapper Wife. . An A.D. Mamma in a B.C. Town. She 'took' Paris—'Burned up' Troy—Made the Jazz Age look like Slow Music!" or "Look thru the Keyhole of the Past . . New York's Next Big Thrill!" Even *Wells* was not able to prophesy in "When the Sleeper Wakes" that publicity would sink so low as this. It is, we repeat, unbelievable. Thus is the general public of today introduced to one of the great legends of the world! With a leer, we are all cheapened to a lot of peeping toms. The presiding deity of the movies is certainly a new Circe; the utter cheapness of this latest ballyhoo raises our gorge. . . .

The editors of the *Children's Bookshop*, which you will find today on page 456, have requested us to make known that a review of *Christopher Morley's* "I Know a Secret" does not appear in this issue of the week before Christmas. *Oliver Herford*, we understand, is reviewing the volume for *The Saturday Review* and you will have his dictum shortly. . . .

This is a *Blake* year, what with the Nonesuch edition and that gorgeous volume of pencil drawings. Dutton has recently issued "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" in an illuminated edition, reproduced from the original in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Only nine copies of Blake's own edition are known to exist, with reproductions crudely done. The present is a full-color edition reproduced in the most perfect facsimile possible from the last copy made. His own comments and the essay in which he elucidates the extraordinary structure of the work, are included, but are entirely separated from the illuminated pages. . . .

No one of our New York readers at least will miss seeing the Reinhardt performance at the Century Theatre. "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been given with more poetry, and more imagination in the poetical scenes, but never with a more exuberant fancy and such lavish richness of scene. The Reinhardt stage, into which sprites and fairies dive and duck like woodchucks on a New England hillside, and the really marvelous Reinahrdt lighting, alone are worth a trip above 59th Street. The German actors are best in the Pyramus and Thisbe comedy, but there is a spacious dignity in the whole piece that only occasionally becomes florid. . . .

Margery Wells, well-known along Fifth Avenue as an expert on fashions, merchandising and advertising, has written a non-frivolous book on what some regard as a frivolous subject. It is called "Clothes Economy for Well Dressed Women." It is attractively brought out by Dodd, Mead & Company and should, we think, strongly appeal to all of the feminine gender. It ranges from the theory of modern dress-making to a typical clothes budget; and "talks turkey" about how to be becomingly and beautifully dressed on reasonable terms. . . .

The two volumes compiled and edited by *Edwin Markham* and associates, under the title of "The Book of Poetry" have recently been published by William H. Wise and Company of 50 West Forty-seventh Street. This firm publishes *Dr. Frank Crane's* writings, *Dr. John Ford's* Beacon Lights of History, the late *Thomas Bird Mosher's* Bibelot, *Elbert Hubbard's* "Little Journeys" and Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book. Edwin Markham himself is said to have spent sixty years of collecting, reading, studying, sifting, reciting, and poring over the world's best poetry, all of which experience he has applied to the making of the present book. Nearly eight hundred poets of all times and lands, over three hundred of them American, are represented. The two volumes sell at your book-store for $12.50. . . .

The arrival of Count *Hermann Keyserling*, author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," "The Book of Marriage," "The World in the Making," etc., now impends. He is to arrive in New York on December 27th and will make a transcontinental lecture tour of the United States this winter under the management of the Leigh-Emmerich Lecture Bureau. His first appearance in this country will be at Vassar College, and he will lecture in New York City early in January before the League for Political Education and The Community Church. . . .

We are informed by several authors of distinction that they have recently been pestered by a silly contemporary practice that appears to be growing. Students in English classes throughout this country, when preparing themes for their courses upon the work of some modern writer frequently write asking the writer himself for full details of his life, an account of his artistic theories, etc., etc. This intrusion upon an author's time is unnecessary and, to our mind, in extremely bad taste; and the instructors of the courses either have no cognizance of it or are remiss in allowing their students so to intrude. In these days of publishers' highly-organized publicity departments all the information concerning a given writer which he desires to make public can be obtained from the publisher of that author. It is only necessary to note the publisher of his latest book and to apply to that source. The author should not be compelled to answer letters whose only object is the securing of material by some undergraduate for the preparation of an ordinary theme. Strange as it may seem, an author's time *is* valuable. . . .

And so a fond adieu!

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Wednesday, Nov. 23	1267	copies
Thursday, Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving Day)		
Friday, Nov. 25	844	copies
Saturday, Nov. 26	366	copies
Monday, Nov. 28	781	copies
Tuesday, Nov. 29	517	copies
Wednesday, Nov. 30	1286	copies
Thursday, Dec. 1	1391	copies
Friday, Dec. 2	4046	copies
Saturday, Dec. 3	984	copies
Monday, Dec. 5	1183	copies
Tuesday, Dec. 6	4102	copies
Wednesday, Dec. 7	3965	copies
Thursday, Dec. 8	4698	copies

For some books these would be exciting *monthly* totals, and incredibly miraculous *weekly* figures, but, for *Trader Horn*, they are simply the *daily* figures for the last two and a half weeks.

With our adjective inventory running low and our rosiest predictions thrice out-topped, *The Inner Sanctum* is almost prepared to let these figures, rank on rank deployed, do their own talking. But the temptation is too great. . . .

Long before the news reaches ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN and ETHELREDA LEWIS in Johannesburg, readers of *The Inner Sanctum* will have fresh confirmation of the book's leadership on the principal best-seller lists from coast to coast.

This week we are not sending a cablegram to South Africa until Saturday, because—

First, it will be exciting to see how far we outstrip last week's *Trader Horn* sales of 9,005 copies; *second*, we have a strong hunch that in a day or two the fortnightly total will be close to twenty-five thousand copies; and *third*, we want to report that the next edition of *Trader Horn* is on its way, bringing the total printings up to 106,000 copies—all in a bit more than six months.

Trader Horn is selling like a philosophy book with a pencil.

Last week, by the way, *The Story of Philosophy* touched the two thousand mark again—a best-seller in its *second* Christmas sale, hard by WILL DURANT'S new book, *Transition, A Mental Autobiography.*

Night before last, *The Inner Sanctum* might have been observed loitering in front of The New Amsterdam Theatre on West 42nd Street. Ostensibly, *The Inner Sanctum* was there to check up on the four-color hand-painted "twenty-four sheets" ballyhooing *The Story of Philosophy* and *Trader Horn*, splashed across the sky-line right next to the *Ziegfeld Follies* dressing-room.

While in Times Square, *The Inner Sanctum* visited the latest *Little Blue Book Store*, adjoining the Selwyn Theatre, and bought twenty jitney classics from "THREE STAR" HENNESSY, the manager of the new emporium—actor, adventurer, and author.

We predicted that FRANZ WERFEL'S new novel, *The Man Who Conquered Death*, would get superlative reviews and never become a best-seller. It did, and it hasn't.

But ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S new novel, *Daybreak*, did, and has.

—ESSANDESS

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